

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 48

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1900.

EVANGELIST BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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THE STORY OF AN INDIAN VENDETTA OF ALASKA.

[See article on p. 3.]

"Jim Hanson."

Touring in Newfoundland

WITH

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SHARP.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and your humble servant made a visit to three corps in the Bonavista District. Clarenville was the first place. We arrived about 12 o'clock, midnight. Lieut. Kidout and Sergt.-Major Tilley, with a lassie comrade and four unsaved men, "adherents," were there to greet us, and to take our luggage to the home of Sergt.-Major Adey.

About five years ago the Salvation Army was invited to come and open fire, by an old veteran, well-known as Uncle Joe, who is at present Treasurer of the corps. In response to the invitation, Brigadier Sharp sent Capt. Thompson, who made up his mind that he would soon have a building to hold meetings in. He found a number of wagons, and in the frame of the barracks was soon cut, erected, and shingled in, and meetings were commenced, souls were saved and a number enrolled as soldiers. Since then the work has made great progress. The saved and unsaved have shown great interest with respect to the property, and whenever they have any time or money, they set to work to improve the same. At the present time it is in good condition; a road has been made to the graveyard, which is cleared out and nicely fenced in. Capt. Clark, the last officer, toiled hard, with a number of the soldiers and adherents, to get this completed.

The barracks will hold about 150 people; it is quite neat and clean, and, therefore, comfortable for the people; and the meetings being lively, it is an attraction to them. Two drums are now being purchased. Sergt.-Major Mrs. Adey has been collecting for the same. This sister is noted as a good collector; she not only has the money, but she also gets the money right. A quarter has also been built, and two rooms fitted up, and when the others are complete it will be a splendid dwelling and compare with any on the island.

The meetings held there by the Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp proved a good success. The first meeting was full of life and red-hot testimonies. The address by the Brigadier was very practical. Two songs were reproduced by the graphophone, to let the people know that the service of the next night would be no fake. The barracks was well packed for the graphophone service. The people came from a number of places round; some by boats, others had walked for miles. The songs and music went down wholesale, especially Colonel Lawley's song, "My sin rose as high as a mountain," and the General's fiery address to the soldiers of the Salvation Army. Some of the young boys thought it a strange thing, and wondered how we were able to pluck a man and a brass band into such a small box.

The unsaved men who met us at the station came to the quarters after the meeting to take our luggage to the boat, a distance of a mile and a half. The kindness of all will not be forgotten by us and we hope that it will be remembered by Him. What we serve. The friends pressed us hard to come again, which was promised. The prospects for the future are good, as the adherents are of the right stamp and character to make Blood-and-Fire soldiers of.

Catlin was the next place of call. We landed in time for meeting, and had a very good crowd. Capt. Mulley and Lieut. Young are in charge. This is indeed a hard corps, but with faith and hard work we believe a good work can be accomplished.

After meeting we drove over to Bonavista, the District Headquarters, for the weekend. English Snow had the graphophone service arranged for Saturday night. A good crowd gathered and were delighted with it. Sunday meetings were well attended. In the afternoon and at night, a great crowd was forced to stand. Two souls came forward at night; everyone seemed to enjoy the meetings, and much enthusiasm was manifested, es-



Bible Readings from Jamaica.

VI.—CAPTAIN MICAIAH.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

PRAPS you've never heard about him, but in Chronicles you'll read, In the 18th of the second—of him and his noble deed:

How he stood alone when tempted to throw in his lot with those Who would not rebuke rich sinners, for the sake of cash and clothes.

We are told he was a prophet, but he worked and walked alone. Other prophets had their churches; he'd a building of his own. They, it seems, were either state-paid, or were looked upon as such, But poor Captain Micaiah was not honored overmuch.

Now, Jehoshaphat had riches; so, we're told, had Ahab, too—

(Kings of Israel and Judah) they made friends, as rich men do: And, as rich men, would be richer; powerful, would more powerful be—

Said the one unto the other: "Let us go to war," said he.

And the other was quite willing, so the two of them agreed,

That to Syrian Ramoth-gilead they would march with martial speed.

Then like many modern Christians, after they'd made up their mind, They would ask the Lord's direction, lest they should leave Him behind.

"Call the prophets! You, four hundred—tell us what the Lord will say: Shall we go to Ramoth-gilead? Would God have us go to-day?"

"Yes, He would," they sweetly chanted, as they prophesied again;

They were all agreed together, so the answer seemed quite plain.

But the still small voice of conscience spoke aloud through Judah's king—

"Is there not some other prophet you might find somewhere to bring?"

"Yes," said Ahab, "but I hate him,—he will prophesy no good,—

Though I'll send and get him for you, since you seem to think I should."

So he sent for Micaiah, and the bearer bade him speak,

Like the rest of God's anointed—loving, humble, smooth and meek.

"What the Lord saith I will speak it," said the prophet brave and bold—

For they could not buy his silence by their patronage or gold.

So they brought him, and he told them, what as vision he had seen: Israel scattered in the mountains—they knew well what he must mean.

But they did not wish to hear it. Said the king, "Did I not tell

He'd not speak a word of comfort, since he does not wish us well;

And he speaks so disrespectful of those ministering to me—

Let us go up notwithstanding—why should we discouraged be?"

Then the prophets had *their* innings: Micaiah got it hot;

P'raps they called him a fanatic, hypocrite, dissenting sot!

Zedekiah smote him roughly on the cheek, and said, said he,

"Which way went the 'lying spirit' out of me to speak through thee?"

And the King of Israel sent him to the prison right away,

To be fed by bread and water of affliction day by day.

Then they left for Ramoth-gilead, with the prophets in the rear;

And King Ahab changed his clothing, doubtless to allay his fear.

And the Bible story tells us that a certain Syrian drew,

At a venture, bow and arrow, smiting Ahab's armor through,

Wounding him, as 'twas predicted (though they said the prophet lied);

In the last verse 'tis related, "as the sun went down he died."

* * * *

Do you need an application, when you see on every hand

Worldliness mixed with religion, strutting proudly through the land?

When the incense burns in churches that have thrown off yoke of Rome,

And the gilded sins and pleasures charm the Christians from their home;

When the old-time shouting warriors are now told to "shut their noise,"

And the gospel is perverted by some smoking, giggling knid!

Oh, for more like Micaiah! oh, for those with back-bone strong,

Who will mount the gospel chariot, and will drive it through the throng!

Let us pray that God will send them—baptized in the old-time way—

Let us work out our salvation, while we watch, believe and pray!



peculiar in the prayer meetings. The barracks looks much improved by the coat of paint, and the graveyard is a large one and well fenced.

We left on Monday by the S. S. Dundee for the Greenspond District. The Dundee is a splendid boat, having all the latest improvements—a ship well adapted for the bay work and must be a boon to the people. We are sorry that so many were away from the corps which were visited, but we met with splendid crowds and good results, spiritually and financially. Geo. Kenway.

Musings of Many Minds.

He lives most who gives most.

The man who has anything in him creates opportunity for himself.

Make it your study and care to do all the good you can in the world.

Greed gathers itself poor, and generosity gives itself rich.—Spurgeon.

Good management contributes more to our comfort than great possessions.

Proverbs are the wisdom of wise men, prepared in portable doses for the foolish.

God will make the fishes come into your net if you will get your eye upon Him, not upon the fishes.

We mortals see but in a glass; but when the mirror is darkened by the master-passion of hate, we see not at all.

When I dig a man out of trouble, the hole that he leaves behind him is the grave where I bury my own trouble.

The path to one's own pince is paved with choices. If it is between lions, and not around them, it leads to the Gate of God.

Much of the trouble in this world is caused by the man with the beam in his eye trying to point out the mote in his brother's eye.

Believer, desire to find thy will in the Divine will alone. Be silent when He strikes, contented when He deities, thankful when He gives, and resigned when He takes away.

Our Lord God is like a printer who sets the letters backwards; we see and feel with His setting, but we shall read the print yonder in the life to come.—Martin Luther.

St. Paul says, "Every man shall rise in his own class." In the future, as in the past and the present, the law of association determines destiny. Each man goes to his own place.

The noblest tribute to the purity of Jesus Christ is the statement that, "being tempted, He suffered the agonies of death." He was so self-conscious of goodness that the insinuation of peculiarity tortured Him.

Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance are indeed the secret of all success. No good endeavor strenuously persisted in will fail; it must succeed at last. Powers of even the most mediocre kind, if energetically employed, will effect much.

Whatever nation Dives may have had this side of the grave as to the value of foreign missions, he awoke in eternity to plead that a missionary might be sent the long journey from heaven to earth, that his brethren might repent.—Woman's Work.

At a meeting in support of a movement in which Churchmen and Disciples joined hands, a Nonconformist speaker thus expressed himself on the subject of the union: "And what I say, gentlemen, is this—if a man's in the right place, it don't matter at all what sex he belongs to."

(To our frontispiece.)

JIM HANSON.

HIS CONVERSION AND AWFUL CONFESION AT SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

By ADJT. MCGILL.

The Murder.

Yes, it was a dreadful murder. Let me briefly tell you the story. On the lonely shore of the Lynn Canal, on the west coast of Alaska, a young couple were married. They were joying, perhaps, the first pleasure-seeking since their marriage, which had taken place only a few months before. They strolled on the beach, fished, picked berries, and enjoyed the bright warm days and cool nights, never dreaming of danger, while the tide, like a great pendulum, as it ebbed and flowed, counted off the brief moments of their lives. No human voice except their own broke the stillness. The swish of water over the waves broke upon the beach, the soughing of the wind among the trees that sheltered their little tent, were the only sounds heard. Ah! How rudely was that silence broken! One October day, as the young wife was preparing the frugal meal, the sharp report of a rifle caused her to rush to the door—perhaps wondering why her husband was shooting—when she sees—ah! perhaps she did not see, there was out, a moment, a cruel hand winged its way to her, and she, too, fell. . . . They died together on that lonely shore.

The Reason.

Away up the Chilkat River, at the Indian village of Kluckwan, a great native feast was in progress. The essential—which added so much to the enjoyment of the occasion, was that all along the trail and its signs of total disappearance were to be found, an Indian (one who, in company with others, was giving the feast), with his wife and a relative's child, started out, in true Alaskan fashion, in a canoe to replenish the larder. Not coming back at the accustomed time, the natives, particularly his relatives, became anxious, and, as day after day passed by, until fourteen had run their course, a number of the nearest relatives of the missing ones partook and started down the river, taking all necessary supplies for camping, etc. They halted at David's Glacier on the Lynn Canal, and began their search. The first night proved unsuccessful—no trace of their friends, no word of their having been seen, and the sad-hearted party retired for the night, hoping the morrow's search would reveal something. After a night's rest and breakfast, they started again, going in different directions. As the hours went by, one after the other returned with the same news—still—and silently they prepared their meagre dinner, and waited for the coming of the last two of the party, hoping some intelligence of the lost ones would be forthcoming on their arrival. And so it proved. Exultingly one of the two arrived—he had a clue. A white man and his wife had been seen and talked with, and they had some knowledge of the missing couple—had seen them pass by, worn a new canoe with a black sail, carrying a man and a woman—which description agreed exactly with the canoe belonging to the lost brother.

Information, too, of a more startling character was communicated by the excited Indian to his breathless listeners—that the white man's manner conveyed the impression that he knew more than he told. At that instant a rifle shot startled the agitated group—the signal of a clue to the missing ones. In a few minutes the last of the party arrived, bringing with him a paddle in a canoe found in front of the white man's tent, which was recognized as belonging to the missing man. Then all the hot blood of centuries surged in their veins, and the Indian custom of the nearest relative acting as avenger of blood spurred them into action. Dinner was forgotten—everything was hurried into the canoe and they set sail for the white man's tent. That precursor of death was coming, was chanted, and those lost friends.

They soon landed, and eight of the party—four having rifles—went immediately in search of the white man.

He was soon seen a short distance from his tent, and one of the Indians, Jim Hanson, quickly raised his deadly weapon, taking aim. Poor Horton fell. Another Indian, Kitson, immediately fired. Mrs. Horton, who then appeared at the tent door, wounding her fatally, and to make sure work, a third Indian, Jim Whilans, with his knife completed the awful crime. The bodies were wrapped in blankets, and laid in a rude grave by the sea, covered with sea-weed and moss. All evidence of the terrible deed being destroyed, the Indians entered their canoes and started for home with the terrible secret in their hearts, never to be revealed.

The Confession.

Early in November, '99, the natives became quite interested in our meetings, and the first one to come to the penitent form was Jim Hanson. He



ADJT. MCGILL,

Who opened our work at Skagway, Alaska.

trembled with emotion, and tears fell fast as he prayed. I could not understand his language, but God did, and forgave him. As he rose from his knees, his face betokened inward peace. Slowly the light of God's truth broke over his soul. He saw what he must do, he thought of the consequences. For three months he had been tormented, and now he finally weighed the matter. At last, spurning the arguments and entreaties of his friends, he decided to tell all and leave the consequences with God. Accordingly, he came to me and disclosed the dreadful secret, which had become an intolerable burden. He asked me what he should do. I explained that if he would continue in the favor of God he must give himself up to the authorities and confess all. He trembled. He understood, and like a hero he followed what he believed to be God's will.

The Trial.

The arrest of the others implicated

was soon made, corroborative and confirmative evidence was soon gathered, and after three months' weary waiting in a crowded jail, our brother was brought before the court. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The prosecution used him as a witness at the trial of the others. Every effort was made to break up his confession, but he always told the same story and stood the test of severe cross-examination as only a man telling the truth can do. When asked by a lawyer in the presence of a crowded court-room, "Do you understand that no one but the President of the United States can save you now?" he replied, pointing to himself, "God will save my spirit." "Yes, I know, but what about your body?" said the lawyer, to which he replied, with arms extended, "I don't care what you do with my body, God will save my spirit." Every possible effort was made to put the entire guilt upon Jim Hanson, but without success. On the day of sentencing the prisoners, five others were sentenced to life terms, and Jim Hanson was sentenced to die.

When asked by the Judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he said, "God told me not to keep anything in silence. I gave all my sins up and told all. Now, brother, work as God directs you." Then the Judge said, "The court has great sympathy for you. It is through you that this crime has been exposed and others brought to justice and punishment. You have been faithful, and have admitted your own fault and wrong; you have not tried to sever yourself from your wrong in the slightest degree. Your conduct in this behalf entitles you to the highest consideration. I trust that, while this court is compelled to pass upon you the sentence of death,

ADJT. JORDAN,
Vancouver Rescue Home.

which the law imposes, that the Great Father at Washington (as you call the President) may yet exercise clemency towards you, and save you from the consequence of your fearful crime. Your conduct since the crime, though that was very cruel, has commended you to the court and all right-minded people. It may be that the Great Father of the white people at Washington will not do anything for you. God alone can tell what the future unfolds for you. It is the judgment of this court . . ." The awful sentence was then pronounced, and with broken, faltering voice, the Judge

said, "May the God that you worship be with you in your hour of peril and have mercy on your soul." The court room was as still as death as the Judge finished in a whisper and buried his face in his hands.

As the Judge led the condemned man back to prison, the Army badge on his coat seemed to say, "This man has many friends on earth and in heaven."

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GRACCHI.

When Gracchus, the humane conqueror of many Spanish cities, died, his wife Cornelia, his wife, and three children—two boys, Tiberius and Gaius, and a daughter, a girl, Cornelia refused to mourn again, and wore no jewels after her husband's death. When once asked, "Where are your jewels?" she replied, pointing to her three children, "These are my jewels."

The eldest boy, Tiberius, was sent, in 137 B. C., to join the Roman army in Spain. Passing through Etruria he was painfully impressed with the desolation of this once so fertile and thickly populated country. Only flocks of sheep and goats were feeding, where farms and vineyards used to exist. The Romans bought their corn from Sicily and Africa.

The poor Romans had no land to till and no trade to support themselves with, since the rich kept slaves to do all the necessary work in their houses. So the old law, which permitted Roman only a certain acreage of land, had fallen into disuse, and out of four hundred thousand citizens, only two thousand possessed property.

While in Spain, Tiberius turned these things over in his mind. On his return he stood up for the omen of tribune, and was elected. He at once proposed to revive the Licinian laws, which allowed not more than five hundred acres to anybody. He proposed to re-divide the land, and give the surplus to those who had none now.

His proposal, of course, caused "great uproar." The poor clamored for their rights, and the rich objected to the change. They tried to bribe the other tribune, but in the ensuing fight Tiberius prevailed, and he, with his brother, Gaius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius, were appointed tribunes to carry out the law.

The rich men tried their old trick of spreading a report that Tiberius wanted to make himself king. A riot was started and Tiberius was killed in it.

The law, however, was made, and the people insisted upon its enforcement. Amidst the chaos, Scipio Emiliani, who had married the sister of Tiberius, was recalled from Spain and chosen dictator to settle the whole dispute. He, apparently, was much opposed to the re-division of property, but was found dead in his chamber on the morning he was to make his first speech.

Calpus, the brother of Tiberius, nine years the younger, was filled with still greater hopes than his brother. He had the law re-affirmed, but could not act on it. But he began a regular system of having convicts sent to the poor, and found work for them upon the roads and bridges. He made the State clothe the soldiers, and proposed to make the Italians outside Rome into citizens, with votes like the Romans. This latter measure was vigorously opposed by the Patriarchs. He founded a colony of Plebeians on the ruins of Carthage, and after his tribuneship expired, he visited the colony.

On his return a scheme to kill him was perpetrated. Although the poor stood by Calpus, yet the Patriarchs were the stronger, and Calpus, at his desire, was killed by his slave.

Cornelia, a broken-hearted mother, retired to a country home. The feeling afterwards turned, and statues to the memory of Gaius, Tiberius, and Calpus were erected.

At Rome the state of things got worse, and the contrast between the rich and poor increased daily.



MAP OF THE PRESENT CHINESE BATTLE-GROUND.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BARRACKS OPENED AT LETHBRIDGE,

Cavalry Brass Band Came Over to Help—Glorious Meetings People Helped Splendidly with Their Money—One of the Masons who Worked on the Building is the First Convent—27 Souls for Salvation and Holiness.

For the past few weeks bills announcing the above event brought large and influential crowds to the three days' special services, July 28th, 29th, and 30th, and never in the history of the Army was so much enthusiasm shown, or financial appeals so heartily acceded to, as has been of late.

The three days were truly red-letter days. The commanding officer (Capt. Mitchell), assisted by her Lieutenant, has worked admirably for months past, and to-day a fine hall stands erected as a monument in honor and reward for the faithful services rendered by them.

From the first strains of the Calgary brass band, on its arrival on Saturday, to the closing scenes of the special event in the small hours of Tuesday morning, the Army was alive to everybody and everything. The marches and open-air were of special attraction, the appeals readily responded to, and the meetings inside proved a real blessing to many.

Monday, 5 p.m., was set apart for the hoisting of the colors, and the opening ceremony, and as the march was proceeding down the street, in front of the hall was to be seen our old and much-loved friend, Rev. Mr. McKillop, whose privilege it was to perform the ceremony.

Rov. McKillop,

Presbyterian Minster, Lethbridge, who presided at the opening of our new barracks.

The Rev. gentleman spoke at some length on the Army's teachings, upholding them in every respect, also of the grand hall he was here, in the name of the Saviour, to declare open to His service. After a few words from the visiting officers, and suitable selections from the band, he at once opened the door, and

An immense volley went up

as a signal of another stronghold erected in the warfare which we are engaged in.

An adjournment was then made to the old hall, when upwards of 275 persons partook of the earthly blessings of God to satisfy the human man.

A grand march, headed by the band, Adjs. Cass and McRae, Capt. Wick, Brandser, Charlton, Field and Local Officers and soldiers, and visiting soldiers from the Calgary corps, compiled the grandest demonstration of what the Lord has done for Lethbridge, Calgary, and Medicine Hat. God bless the band, and the visiting officers and soldiers from Edmonton, Calgary, and Medicine Hat.

At 8:15 p.m., sharp, the meeting opened with an "old-timer," "We'll fight, we'll fight, come with the other opening features of the meeting." The Adjutant proceeded to strike the iron which it was his duty to ask for a collection. The question to the Captain how much she would require, she did not respond, having apportioned so much on behalf of the Building Fund; however, \$50 was the amount asked for, and in quick response a check for \$25 was passed over to the Adjutant from Mr. Harry Mulline, of Mulline & Wilson, Toronto, who has been a true friend to the Army, and always looks upon it as a pleasure to denote in this way. A couple of fives passed on, and then the one's came up thick and fast, and at the close of a general round-up of the fragments, \$63.80 was the amount raised, being \$12.29 over and above the amount asked for.

One of the Masons who had worked on the Building

from the commencement. What a glorious thought! Building a heaven on earth, and when death comes he may rejoice with the angels in being the first convert in the new Army hall, in a little corner of God's vine-

yard in Lethbridge. Praise God! Now, readers, say with me, Hallelujah!

Never was the Spirit of God so much felt since the first visiting officer arrived here till the one large link of God's love was made by the comrades, officers, and friends who remained behind, when the chorus, "Take my poor heart," echoed forth in joyous sounds, to the very gate of heaven.

During the three days' campaign two came out for salvation and three backsliders returned to the fold. Four precious comrades came forward for holiness on Sunday morning, and eighteen at the half-night of prayer, for a complete re-consecration and for a deeper love for souls.

May God bless all who came from near and far to the opening ceremonies of the Lethbridge barracks.—Win. Parrow, R. C.



Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge, N.W.T.

A rousing volley was fired from the platform and audience, whereupon the Rev. Mr. Chegwin spoke for a short time, of the pleasure it gave him to be honored so much as to occupy an Army platform. "You know," said the Rev. gentleman,

"I Was Almost a Salvationist."

but although not one, I bless and praise God, I am a Christian, a lover of the Lord, and glad to see how much good has been done for us in this town through the instrumentality of the Army."

His remarks brought forth loud cheers at times on points touching the Army's work here.

He was followed by Rev. Mr. McKillop (the father of them all), as he was introduced. On rising, everybody gave him a hearty welcome, and he based his remarks on the Army's work in Lethbridge, and he hoped the day would not be far distant when he would see an Army barracks to each hotel in his town. (Cheers.) "Before proceeding any further, I must say how much you people should be thankful for the way in which Capt. Mitchell has worked, assisted by her Lieutenant."

Capt. Mitchell, on rising to say a few words, with heart full of joy and a deep love for all who so nobly assisted her in this great undertaking, first of all thanked the citizens in a few words for the exceedingly kind way they responded to her numerous calls, and she only hoped that the hall would be a birthplace to many precious souls, for, after all, it would be useless to erect such a building, if no real progress were made. She also thanked personally the Secretary, Treasurer, Sergeant-Major, and the rest of the officers for their work during the building at night. In this direction much work was accomplished, hence the opening dates were thus far carried out, although the finishing touches will occupy about another three weeks.

Other local festivities, including the Secreter, who deserves special mention in superintending the construction, and the giving of his time for two months free, for the Kingdom of God, in return for what the Lord has done for him. God bless the Secretary!

SECRETARY HOLMES

Lethbridge Com. T. Holmes has given cheerfully 2 months' steady work to help in the erection of the new barracks, often working till midnight.



The Lieutenant, who has stood side by side with the Captain, also has won a name for herself.

Adjutant Cass, in a few remarks prior to closing the first part of the meeting for a half-night of prayer, called for those who asked the prayers of the comrades, whereupon several held up their hands. Of these seven, one, a brother, came out to have the past forgiven, and he was no other than

from the commencement. What a glorious thought! Building a heaven on earth, and when death comes he may rejoice with the angels in being the first convert in the new Army hall, in a little corner of God's vine-



Rev. Chegwin,
Methodist Minister, Lethbridge, a warm friend of the Army.



TO CHEER THE PRISONERS.

Special Service at the Central Prison.

Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted a special meeting at the Central Prison, Toronto, on the morning of Toronto's Civic Holiday. The service commenced at 9:30. When the time arrived we went into the large and spacious chapel, to find between three and four hundred men, adherents of all denominations, seated there.

The meeting was opened with that old and well-known hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the "boys" joining in and singing very heartily. After prayer by Adj't. McHarg, we were favored with selections from the united bands formed of bandsmen from the Temple, Lippincott and Lisgar Streets, by solos, duets, testimonies, and a recitation from one of the prisoners. The recitation was evidently enjoyed, because the boys clapped for more.

Bro. Hart, from Lisgar St., favored us with a solo with guitar accompaniment, Maud Bigwood and Bro. Patterson, from Lippincott, and Bro. Daniels' little girl also sang solos, and Capt. Kivell, of Lippincott, and Sister Gorton, of the Temple, sang a duet. Bro. Daniels also spoke to the boys.

Staff-Capt. Archibald then talked for a few minutes, and, in closing, asked those who wished to be prayed for to hold up their hands; a large number did so.

We all came away feeling that it had been good for us to be there.

Before we left the chapel one of the prisoners rose and proposed a vote of thanks "for our kindness in coming to see them," and another young man got up and seconded it.

The Staff-Captain, we believe, is doing a great amount of good at the Central Prison.—W. Pencock.

Prayer meeting pleads needs office opinions.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN STAIGER.

Great Falls, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Aug. 29, 30, 31. Kalispell, Sun., Mon., Tues., Sept. 2, 3, 4.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Berlin, Thursday, Aug. 30. Galt, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 31. Sept. 1, 2. Hospital, Mon. and Tues., Sept. 3, 4. Ayr, Wednesday, Sept. 5.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Toronto, from Aug. 31, to Sept. 7.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Newport, Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 30, 31. St. Johnsbury, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 1, 2, 3.

Barre, Tues., Wed., and Thurs., Sept. 4, 5, 6.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Annapolis, Thursday, Aug. 30. Middleton, Friday, Aug. 31. Bridgewater, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 1, 2. Lincoln, Monday, Sept. 3. Shebbourne, Tues., and Wed., Sept. 4, 5.

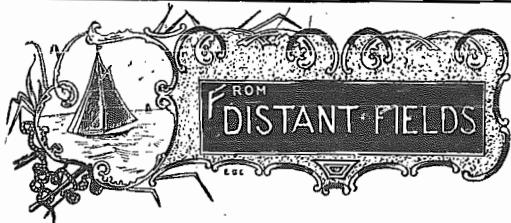
ENSIGN PERRY.

Fort Arthur, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2. Fort William, Monday, Sept. 3. Rat Portage, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 4, 5.

ENSIGN STAGGER.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 31. Quebec, Sunday, Sept. 1.

He who loves folly may well listen to flattery.



The Memorial Sunday of Commissioner Dowdle, conducted by the General, at Clapton, was remarkable in power and result. 197 men and women sought pardon and cleansing.

The dates of the Harvest Festival throughout Great Britain are from September 15th to October 1st, inclusive.

The Chief of Staff proposes to hold a Local Officers' camp at Hadleigh, to meet on Saturday evening and continue over Sunday, 26th August.

Commissioner Howard conducted the Memorial Service of Commissioner Dowdle in the Plymouth Congress Hall on a recent Sunday.

Brigadier Rolfe, late commander of the Army's operations in the West Indies, has arrived in London. We regret to learn that Mrs. Rolfe is in a very delicate state of health.



A most interesting review of the Salvation Army Social operations in

will arrive in Australia, and the Commandant is arranging for them to tour through Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, in the interests of the Indian Famine Fund. They will be in charge of Adj't. Daya Katna.

The organization of a company of officers and Cadets, to be known as "The Federal Choristers," has just taken place. They will tour through the various colonies in the interests of the new Australasian Tramping Hemes.

The Commandant has decided to at once form a novel and entrancing musical combination, suitable for indoor services, in the shape of a Scrimplum (concertina) Band.

Suitable premises have been leased in Bendigo for a Maternity Home which will shortly be opened. Under the able direction of Mrs. Commandant Booth, the Women's Social Work of Australasia has made some remarkable advances.

A new Home for ex-Prisoners is in course of construction at Abbotsford (Vic.). The building will accommodate fifty men, besides the officers.

According to the latest War Cry, the Commandant has had an interview with Sir William Lyne, the Premier of New South Wales, on two very important questions.

There is a great need for Dutch-speaking officers in Java. The Commandant has issued a special appeal to them. There is a tremendous field of labor amongst the twenty-eight millions of people in Java.

The Annual Social gatherings have been attended with great success, and have been occasions for expressions of warm sympathy from the leading men of the colony.

Colonel and Mrs. Estill recently conducted a few days' siege in the city of Wellington N. Z., attended with splendid results.



A Missionary writes: "Cholera all about us, in every village, is doing its deadly work. In the city of Jeyapore 300 died daily, for several days in succession. Thousands of the poor, weak, famine-stricken ones have been carried off in this way. A friend of ours was superintendent of a famine-relief camp, where 1,000 died. He was in the saddle from 5 a.m. till 2 o'clock the next morning, distributing relief. Not enough were strong and well enough to carry the dead, and he would have to go and drag the crews and vultures off bodies at his tent-door. When he went in to lie down for rest, the awful sights had so worked upon him that he would find his pillow wet from having wept in his sleep, and the servants would wonder what made the pillow so wet. This is not a rare instance of such suffering, but one out of dozens through the famine area. This gentleman was not a missionary, but a Government servant. Strong men on the works would be taken with an awful and sudden pain, drop their shovels and fall dead. Cholera is still at Ajmere. We praise God that they have not had another visitation from this awful pestilence. Our hands and hearts are full. Oh, for more laborers!"

Heaven is not in streets of gold, but in hearts of peace and love.

The world always looks upside down to the man who is upside down himself.

MAJOR and MRS. HARGRAVE will visit

Butte, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Aug. 25, 26, 27.
Spokane, Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28, 29.
Great Falls, Thursday, Aug. 30.
Kalispell, Saturday, Sept. 1.
Rossland, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 8, 9.
Revelstoke, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 11, 12.

Kamloops, Thursday, Sept. 13.
Vancouver, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Victoria, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
Nanaimo, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
New Westminster, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.
New Westcoast, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Mount Vernon, Wednesday, Sept. 26.
Spokane, Sunday Sept. 30.

Editorial Notes.

For some time we have had the greatest difficulty to secure a satisfactory supply of printing paper on account of several paper mills having been destroyed by fire, and the war causing a greater demand for newspapers. The price of paper has been greatly increased, while we have been unable to obtain a quality which would show our illustrations to proper advantage. We regret that many excellent pictures have been entirely spoilt through the poor quality of the paper. However, circumstances made it impossible to avoid it. Major Horn has now placed an order, for delivery at some future date, with a firm which we believe will furnish us a satisfactory quality.

Colonel Jacobs, Lieutenant-Colonel Margets, and Brigadier Gaskin are employing a few days' rest.

Mrs. Major Horn, we are pleased to report, is doing exceptionally well, and the doctor considers her progress very satisfactory.

Adj't. Frank Morris has been appointed to the T. H. Q. Staff, as Cashier, and has taken his seat at the receipt of customs. We are glad to welcome him back to T. H. Q.

Adj't. Turpin, who for three years has held the office of Cashier, and discharged it with precision and faithfulness, is going to Newfoundland to assist Brigadier Sharp at the Provincial Office. We feel assured that he will prove a valuable help to the Brigadier.

While A. L. P. finds it incompatible with his present appointment to continue the editing of the Soldiers' Bureau, we are glad to have a promise of a frequent column, "From the Commissioner's Desk," which we have no doubt will prove of special interest to many of our readers.



The Challenge of Adj't. Frazer.

Adj't. Frazer challenges any officer in his Province to collect more money in the G. B. M. Box at the officers' quarters than he himself will collect in his box during the next quarter. Now, who will take up the gauntlet?

How to Keep Cool.

During the recent hot spell many asked: "How can I keep cool?" (1) Don't get excited, but work steadily at what you have to do. (2) Don't drink too much during the day. (3) Eat no meat, especially fat meat. (4) Eat as light a meal as possible in the middle of the day. (5) Drink no hot tea or coffee, but cold water or lemonade. (6) Keep on the shady side of the street.

Wanted—More Contributors.

We are asking every friend, convert, soldier, and officer to take an active part in the War Cry, by some kind of literary contribution once in a while. The corps reports are coming in nicely, but we want also stories and stortefettes, life sketches, photos, and views, corps histories, descriptions of towns where we operate, incidents, anecdotes, happenings, testimonies—in short, anything that can be of interest to our readers, long or short. There is nothing so short that we cannot use, if only written with some care. Now, YOU try, will you?

Officers and Soldiers, Note!

Wanted!—Photos of soldiers who collected successfully during last Harvest Festival. Send the photo quickly, and state on back full name, address, and amount collected.



VIEWS OF DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS, RECENTLY CONDUCTED BY COL. JACOBS.

South Africa has just been published by Commissioner Kilbey.

Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey have lately visited Kimberley and Mafeking for the purpose of conducting special meetings.

A new Song Book is shortly to be published for the South African Territory.

The marriage of Major Vince and Staff-Capt. Goodall has recently taken place at Brisbane (Qld.). The Centennial Hall, in which the ceremony took place, was the scene of a great demonstration.

In a few weeks eight or ten children, representing tens of thousands of starving and dying children of India,



→OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE.←

Verse Topics.

PATIENCE.

We often hear the adage, "Patience is a virtue," etc., but we seldom stop to examine our stock of patience, much less take the trouble to exercise it. And yet, patience is strength. Patience gains more than hurry and flurry. Patience is absolutely necessary to accomplish something really great and noble. Patience tempts the soul that after all its work and worry nothing can be a final success without waiting for the blessing of God upon it. Paul plainly says, waters, but God only can give the increase. God gives the harvest at His time, and having performed our work He demands but patience to see His glory unfolded itself. Let us be patient in our toil, patient in our faith, patient in our dealings with sinners and backsliders, and patient with God. The patient soul is like the still water which so clearly reflects the sky and the foliage on its banks, while the impatient spirit is like a troubled lake, distorting every reflection and stirring up mud and sand.

The Week's Ammunition.

The daily readings should be read early in the morning, slowly and repeatedly. The text will fasten itself in the memory and furnish an excellent source for meditation when the mind is not occupied, which otherwise would wander aimlessly, or drift into unprofitable thoughts.

MONDAY.—GOD, THE UNCHANGEABLE.

I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.—Mal. iii. 6.

Behold me then at length be taught, What I am still so slow to learn, That God is love, and changes not, Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—James i. 17.

TUESDAY.—GOD, THE MERCIFUL.

He relmeth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy.—Mic. viii. 18.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord imputes not his iniquities; He pleads no merit of reward.

And not on works but grace relies,

For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—II. Cor. v. 21.

WEDNESDAY.—GOD, THE SAVIOR.

He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou shalt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea.—Mic. vii. 19.

Our very frame is mixed with sin, Its Spirit makes our nature clean; Such virtues from His sufferings flow, At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. i. 21.

THURSDAY.—GOD, THE JUDGE.

The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked; the Lord hath

they all did, some saying also the Apostles' Creed. Evening prayer ran like this:

"Four couriers to my bed,
Four angels there are spread,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on."

Father got drunk for the first time at 14 years of age. It was in the harvest time. His master had sent him away to do some work, and as it was hard he ordered his daughter to put up a keg of beer. Some was drunk during the day, and the rest left for the homeward journey. When he finished it he was tipsy and aroused the household by his antics. Liquor never, in fact, made him dull, but rather the opposite.

Nearly Lost His Life.

After he left that place he lived with a farmer by the year. It was here that he nearly lost his life. He had gone for a load of sand, and being drunk, while attempting to jump off the load, he fell, and the whole thing passed over his arm and skinned his face also. The cart was a model of joined one, containing about a ton of sand. Another occasion while on the sea shore with his team, he left them on the sand to haul some bars of copper and iron on the beach. He hung around awhile, when, alas! looking up he saw the tide had come in and cut off his escape. His only hope was to climb a cliff almost perpendicular. He got about half way up when his strength failed. Then he turned to go down, but he couldn't. He had to try and get up, which he did with great desperation. When he got within fourteen feet of the top he found that the cliff projected and he could not master the situation. After resting a bit he turned to the right to try and find an open place to get up. He came in this direction to a barrier he could not get over. As he turned back his feet slipped, and as he himself puts it, "in unseen power took hold of him and pulled him into just the place he wanted to go." He was then unable to climb the rest of the cliff in safety. This was indeed a marvelous escape, and when he reached the top he promised God he would be a Christian, but soon forgot it. On one occasion he was so drunk that he apparently died, and had not some friends roused him up briskly in getting him to bed, he fears he would never have known the realities of life again; in fact, he was totally blind for about half-an-hour.

Sunday.—GOD, THE PRESERVER.

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Isa. lii. 14.

Jesus shall reign wheresoever the sun Does his successive journeys run.
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years.—Isa. lii. 2.

SUNDAY.—GOD, THE PRESERVER.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save. He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.—Zeph. iii. 17.

How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not; and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack.—Zeph. iii. 18.

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LIFE SKETCH OF

Brother Elias Palmer, of Edmonton Corps.

Some may think that the Army is made up of beardless youths, yet we have in our ranks some dear old warriors, who have stood the strain of the battle for many years. One such is Father Elias Palmer, of Edmonton corps. He was born in Bradworthy, Devonshire, England, in 1811, and soon will be 90 years of age. Notwithstanding this, he walks many miles to meeting, and is delighted to give his testimony, and join in the worship of God, always going on the open-air. Perhaps a few things about his life may be of interest to our readers. He only attended school about four months throughout his whole life. When the school-mistress would go to sleep at the head of the table, about, as he says, "three parts of the time," the whole school would sometimes run off while she was sleeping, and then come back again.

It was not to be wondered at that he did not learn much. He was a little over eleven when he was apprenticed to a farmer, working for his board and clothes only until he was twenty-one. His master was content about the most charitable person in the place, and about as good a Christian as any young fellow could be.

Every Sunday night he would read the Bible to his employees, and ask them to say their evening prayers, which

the writer that his death will be a glorious triumph in Jesus. He desires that this little sketch of his life may be a warning to the young to flee from sin, and not have to endure its shroud as long as he did before repenting. Sinner, accept Christ before the evil days come, when you shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." Take warning from Father Palmer's life—one so near the river—and shun all appearance of evil.

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What a Soldier Should Know.

What is a Corpse?

A corps consists of the soldiers who have signed Articles of War, and whose names are on the Soldiers' Roll, and who meet together in one particular building.

Each corps is under the command of a Captain, who has generally one Lieutenant, sometimes more.

Each corps has also, when fully constituted, the following Local Officers: Treasurer, Secretary, Sergeant-Major of the Corps, Convent's Sergeant-Major, Bandmaster, Band Sergeant, Sergeants of Wards or Brigades, Corporals, Color-Sergeant, Bandmen, together with Junior Soldiers' Sergeant-Major, Corporals, and other similar officers.

The Duties of a Local Officer.

The duties of each Local Officer are explained in the order-books specially prepared for them, and each one, before appointment, signs a bond in which he engages to be a model of good conduct, uniform wearing, and devotion to the war. None of these are at liberty to use tobacco, or to attend services not connected with their own corps without the permission of their respective Captains. They are appointed for twelve months.

Local Officers are to carry out the duties of their position according to the directions of the commanding officers, who have no power to remove them from office, and against whose management they can appeal, if they think proper, to the District or Provincial Officer.

Who keeps the Books?

The account-books of the corps are kept by the Treasurer and Secretary. The Roll-Book, in which the names of soldiers are entered, and the Cartridge-Book, in which the names of soldiers and recruits are entered, are kept by the Secretary.

Weekly returns stating all particulars as to the work done, the converts gathered, and the money received and spent by each corps, are made by the Captain and counter-signed by the Treasurer and Secretary. A weekly return has also to be made by the Treasurer and Sgt.-Major, and a monthly return by the Secretary.

Duties Regarding Penitents.

When a penitent professes to have found peace, it is the duty of those who are speaking to him to ask whether he intends to be a soldier: in any case his name and address are to be given to the Sergeant within whose ward he lives, who should visit him and report within a week whether he means to be a soldier.

If he says this is his intention, his name is immediately to be entered on the Cartridge-Book. If, after being on that book for a month, he has signed Articles and shown himself likely to walk worthy of them, he is also entered in the Soldiers' Roll, bearing at the same time publicly sworn in as a soldier of the corps.

The Soldiers' Roll.

No name, once entered on the Roll, either of recruits or soldiers, can be taken off without the consent of the District or Provincial Officer, whose consent is to be obtained on a form signed by the Captain and Local Officers mentioned above.

Nevertheless, in case of gross misconduct, where even a day's delay might do harm, the Captain has power to suspend a soldier, but such action must be at once reported to the D. O.

No one whose name has been crossed off the Roll can be put on again without the consent of the Captain and Local Officers previously mentioned, and if the person has been blocked by the Divisional Officer, his consent must also be obtained.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

About Husbands : Their Privileges and Duties.

7. THE HUSBAND FINDS IN A GOOD WIFE THE COMPLETION OF HIS OWN CHARACTER. Humanly speaking, he is an unfinished, imperfect creature until he finds a wife and educates his heart. She is the second and brighter side of him; she completes his natural education of heart, making a more manly man of him.

In saying this, and much that has gone before, and also much that will follow after, I am in danger of being a little misunderstood, but you must remember that I do not speak of those who are perfect, and that I am not attempting to describe the exceptions in life. I have no doubt about Paul's doctrines, and endorse with all my heart his declaration that in certain states a single life, when it can be accepted by man, offers more facilities for the service of God, and that a man unencumbered with wife and family will be at an advantage in the Salvation War over one with them.

I was reading a little time back how that in the French and German War, when the Landwehr—that is, the soldiers who had been called up from their homes to fight—were ordered forward to meet the enemy, it was a common thing to see them, strong and brave as they were, burst into tears and face the storm of shot and shell sobbing with emotion. The youngest recruits of yesterday plunged into the fight with shouts and songs, apparently without a thought of what might befall them. How was this? The explanation is easily found. The older men were husbands and fathers, and, knowing that some of them had to fall, they wept in anticipation over the desolation which they knew their death or wounds would create for those who were dependent upon them for food, and clothing, and all the natural joys of life. With the younger men there was no such call made upon sympathies, and, with free and unburdened hearts, careless about themselves, they fought their fight.

Even so with the Soldier of Jesus Christ. The man (or the woman) who is unmarried, is free to go to war or stay. His absence means no one's hurt; his death leaves none homeless and desolate, and there is no question but that if he can so untangle his heart and body as to be free in spirit for this whole-soul service of his Lord, it is best for the Kingdoms of Heaven, and not any worse for him.

8. A WIFE BRINGS TO HER HUSBAND THOSE INNOCENT PLEASURES AND RECREATIONS THAT COME FROM THE POSSESSION OF A FAMILY. The desire in men for children, while not so absorbing as in women, exists. No sooner is

marriage decided upon than the yearning for children springs up, and the husband's mind is filled with pictures of the pleasure he will reap from their society, and the profit which in the future they will bring to him in business, and the credit they may bring him with the little world in which he moves; for in proportion as a wife loves her offspring, a husband may be said to be proper to them.

The Salvationist, in addition to the motives already referred to, calls his sons and daughters as so many reinforcements for the Army and his King, and commits them as Soldiers as soon as they have commenced to breathe the vital air.

I was talking one night to an Electrian about his soul on board a vessel in which I was voyaging. He had told me before that he had three little boys, and I wanted to know what would become of them if their father died. He became very little English, and I grew less anxious still, when I don't think he understood me, for he replied, "Oh, the Kaiser has provided for my three boys in his Army or his Navy!" That was his idea about the future of his boys. They must go to fight for the Emperor and the Fatherland. And he regarded the prospect with satisfaction. So, every good Salvationist will, with intelligent pleasure, rejoice over his children as being recruits for the great Army of the King of Kings.

9. A WIFE WILL BRING HER HUSBAND THE JOYS OF HOME-LIFE. Everybody sings, "Home, home, sweet home," and home is not only worth singing about, but valuing highly, both as being the dwelling-place of the purest pleasures of human life, and as the nursery where some of its loveliest virtues are brought into being and trained up to maturity. How much Great Britain owes to its

love and culture of home-life will never be known in this world.

"Such a home makes man the better, Sweet and lasting its control ; Home, with pure and bright surroundings,

Leaves an impress on the soul."

But no man can be said to have a home, in the highest sense of the word, without a wife. That does not say that no man will be happy unmarried. Happiness depends on the possession of a clean heart, faithfulness to right principles, and his devotion to the service of God and man. Indeed, as experience teaches, God can make His joy so abundant in the soul of a true soldier that any circumstances, while as Paul avers, and we have just observed, the opportunities for usefulness may be even greater in a single than a married state.

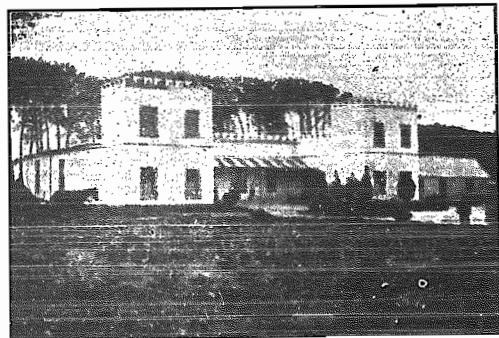
Still, I write for every-day people and the conditions of ordinary life. I say that marriage is of Divine appointment, and amongst the other blessings brought to a husband by a good, faithful, and affectionate wife, will be the happy home which, in many respects, comes far on for being the truest type of the Heavenly Rest.

S. A. Social Operations in South Africa.

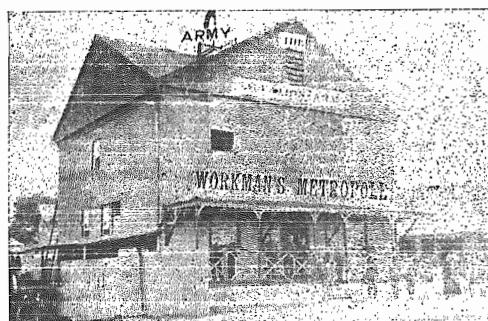
The "Illustrated Review of the Salvation Army Social Operations in South Africa for 1899-1900," has just come to hand. It is a neatly-covered booklet of the size of All the World, well written and liberally illustrated.

Social Work Among Women.

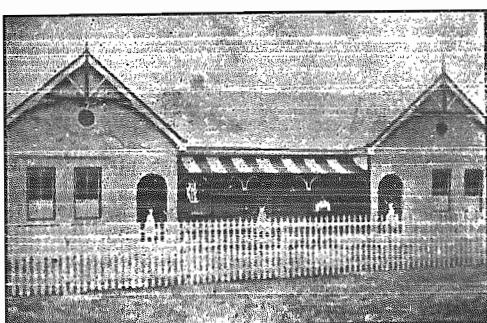
Rescue Homes for Women are now established in most of the chief centres in South Africa. At Kimberley Mrs. Capt. Cass is in charge. Mrs. Cass has had many horrors to pass through. She was in Matabeleland at the outbreak of the rebellion of 1896, when her husband was shot dead at her side. Last winter she stuck nobly to her post during the trials and privations of the long siege of Kimberley. A fine new Home has been opened at Port Elizabeth in February last. The Transvaal Home had to be closed during the war, but operations there will be resumed as soon as permissible. The seven Rescue Homes accommodate about 100 girls. During last year 150 persons passed



THE S. A. PRISON GATE HOME, RONDEBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA.



THE RECENTLY-OPENED WORKMEN'S METROPOLIS AT KIMBERLEY, S.A.



THE NEW S. A. RESCUE HOME "FLORENCE HOME," PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.

It is quite true that many of the advantages I have endeavoured to set forth, as possessed by the husband in the married state, may be very imperfectly realized. The wife in herself, and in the discharge of her duties, may come far short of what I have tried to picture, but even then the man generally has much, very much, to be thankful for. Often this will be only imperfectly prized, often not prized at all, until forfeited and lost for ever by death. Then its value may come to be appreciated—perhaps not then!

Every time you turn your eyes on evil its shadow falls on your heart.

Some people never pray for a revival to come at a time when it will interfere with their work.

The man who never speaks of his religion in public is not getting very much out of it in private.



On April 10th a fine Workmen's Metropole was opened at Bloemfontein, where, in spite of an annual output of sixteen million dollars' worth of diamonds, there are plenty of poor and hungry men. A Military Home is combined with this institution and excellent results have been achieved.

With the Prison Gate Home at Rondebosch the Social Farm is connected, which furnishes temporary employment to discharged prisoners.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Lang, Guanuque, to be Captain.
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENT—

ENSIGN PENNY, Hampton, to
Hillboro, N. B.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



1/- in U.S. for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada. Newpaper, 25 cents. Bernice M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 145 Queen Street, Toronto, Ont.
All communications referring to the creation of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about advertising rates, should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.
All correspondence on matters referring to subscriptions, donations and changes of address, should be addressed to THE CHIEF SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.
All remittances should be made payable to SALVATION ARMY.
Address all correspondence to THE WAR CRY, or by typewriter, and on front of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All manuscripts, written name intended for publication can be returned to the author if enclosed in a stamped envelope, or encased in unsealed envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

The Illness of Consul Mrs. Booth-Cucker.

By THE COMMISSIONER.

The past few days have been of most acute and painful anxiety to those who have known of the sudden and serious illness of my beloved sister—Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker. The almost-tropical heat, which has sought its victims everywhere, fell with cruel force upon the Consul, and with its ruthless hand thrust her into a condition of suffering which, through the watches of the last four day and nights, has proved most severe and alarming.

Since the receipt of the first intimation of her critical state, I have passed through an agony of apprehension and have held myself in readiness to leave at any moment for New York—in fact, I was starting on Saturday when telegram informed me of a slight change for the better, and also advised me that the slight excitement of my presence would occasion might seriously retard her recovery. As yet she has not been able to send me any message, or I know she would ask us for our prayers. This request I make in her stead, and plead that out of the fulness of your heart, with a persistent fervency, you will entreat of our Pitiful and Unerring Father the benediction of His healing touch, for although there is cause for much praise for the improvement the latest news brings us, yet the Consul is extremely low, and her condition is precarious.

I feel assured that you will pray with that faith which will bring the answer to your prayers, in the knowledge you have of the blessing His grace has made her to thousands of the most sad and shaming, and how deeply she is loved throughout the world. Also I would ask you to hold up the Commander, who, during his long journey from California, passed through the greatest mental strain of his life.

WINNIPEG FRESH AIR CAMP.

The finances for the Fresh Air Camp in Winnipeg were collected by a committee of ladies formed for that purpose. It was an inter-denominational committee and did excellent work.



August 14th, 1900.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

Repeated telegrams from various foreign ministers give substantiation to the fact that the foreigners are still holding out in the British Legation, Pekin, although food and ammunition are running low. The British representative, Sir Claude Macdonald, states in a despatch, dated 6th inst., that only ten days' food was available, and a general massacre was feared unless speedy relief would come. The dead and wounded among the foreigners in Pekin number 160.—The Chinese Emperor offered to conduct the foreigners to Tien Tsin under escort, but this offer has been refused, as treachery is feared. Besides it would mean the abandonment of 3,000 native Christians to certain slaughter.—The allies, however, have made a splendid advance. They have captured Yantung after a stubborn resistance, and the Chinese troops have fled in disorder. The allies lost nearly 200 men in killed and wounded.—The allied forces are reported, according to telegrams of yesterday, to be within 33 miles of Pekin.—Count Waldersee, a German Field Marshal, has been appointed as Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces in China. Although the Peace treaty, France, has accepted the appointment. Count Waldersee cannot reach China till late in September, however.—The Chinese Emperor has appointed Li Hung Chang as Peace Commissioner and has appealed for peace to several Powers. The allies refuse to discuss peace until the foreign ministers are safely released from Pekin.—The Russians have captured New Chwang, and are sending large forces to Manchuria.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Peace does not appear at any approachable distance, according to the latest news from the front.—General Delaray has captured the British Garrison at Eland's River after ten day's resistance.—General Carrington has been ordered to concentrate at Mafeking, which is preparing for a second siege.—General De Wet is reported to have 3,500 men and 200 wagons with him. He has crossed the Vaal River and although closely followed by General Kitchener and several times thought to be completely surrounded, it is feared he will escape and join Delaray's force.—The Orange River Colony seems to be cleared of the enemy now.—General Pulter is moving northward.—Both the Boers and the British soldiers are reported to be sadly in need of clothing and suitable food.—A plot was discovered in Pretoria to capture and carry off Lord Roberts and shoot the British officers. The conspirators have been arrested.—The Boers sniped the trains east of Pretoria, and as a punishment, the farms within a radius of ten miles were burned.

NORTH AMERICAN NEWS.

A big storm at Cornwall! unroofed many buildings.—An unusual number of drowning accidents is reported during the week.—Typhoid fever is very prevalent in Winnipeg.—A case of yellow fever is reported in New York.—In a collision of an omnibus and a train, in Pennsylvania, eleven people were killed and fourteen injured.—An Express Messenger was foully murdered in his car, near Columbus, Ohio, and considerable sum stolen from the company's safe. The murderer has been arrested and has confessed to the deed.—During the last seven months the increase in the export of cattle, wheat, cheese, eggs, fish, and meat from Canada to Great Britain amounted to five million dollars.—Burmese colored troops have been terrorizing the citizens of Hamilton, Ber.—A train of the Central Railway fell through a trestle bridge 70 or 80 feet into the gully. The driver was killed and all the passengers injured.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Recent rains have decidedly improved the crop prospects of India.—American soldiers in the Philippines are reported dying in great numbers owing to the lack of medical aid.—Yellow fever is reported as widely spread on the West coast of Africa.—A suspected case of bubonic plague has been isolated at Hamburg.—Russia expects to have 132,000 men and 232 guns in Siberia by the end of September.—The Amer of Afghans is said to be mobilizing his army to advance against the Russian troops.—Lord Salisbury has gone to a health resort in France.—Dr. Albrecht, a German Socialist leader, is dead.—Japan has entirely prohibited the emigration of Japanese laborers to British Columbia.—53 millions were subscribed in the U. S. A. to the recent British war loan, of which \$28,000,000 were allotted.—Another massacre of 200 Armenians, women and children included, is reported from Billeh.—At some French naval maneuvers a torpedo boat destroyer was cut in two by a battleship and 42 lives were lost. The accident was due to a wrong turning of the destroyer.—The White Star liner "Cymrie" had a fire in her hold while at sea, which caused great anxiety for some days, but was finally subdued.

The Consul Seriously Ill.

(By wire.)

Monmouth House,
Spring Lake, N.J.

Regret to have to inform you that Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker was prostrated by the recent heat wave, her life being for some time in imminent danger through failure of the heart. Through God's blessing, she is now out of danger, though still extremely low. Desire your prayers.

COLONEL HICKEY,

office would have found her with the Chief and Territorial Secretaries in profound consultation on this subject, a forest of H. F. "raw material" displayed before them. Every hair of the Colonel's head has bristled with excitement as he has jotted immemorable hieroglyphic notes of valuable schemes and suggestions, while the benign brow of the efficient colonel of the Field has fairly shone with malleable desire to outdo all previous plans formed for this effort in the history of man. Of course, these conferences were strictly confidential, and we must not conjecture the detailed nature of the aforesaid schemes; but there was one remark which looked out between the red tulip doors about this Harvest Festival being bound to beat the record, and we fancy that it sounded like the Commissioner's own voice that said it.

At the close of the week's sultry day a shadow fell upon the Commissioner's path—one of those heartaches which a significant scrap of yellow paper often knows so much too well how to inflict. A wired message told of sickness, serious and sudden, which had fallen upon our leader's loved sister—the Consul. Wire followed wire of distressing news and the devotion of a sister's heart was full of pain and apprehension. Hasty preparations were made, and the Commissioner was just starting on another of those sad journeys which she has taken on sorrow's wing to the State's Headquarters, when a telegram holding happier tidings was landed in. While we write the Consul's condition is improved, but still very critical and acute. Anxiety is felt at the Army's Headquarters over the border accentuated by the fact that the Consul was laid low when the Commander was thousands of miles distant upon the warpath, and he had to travel in an agony of anxiety a long three days' journey before he could reach the side of his stricken wife. Our own Commissioner will appreciate the prayers of all sympathetic hearts in this Territory on behalf of this warrior home, again wrapped in the twilight of affliction, that one so precious to the fight may speedily be restored to the front once more.

The Warning of Ease.

Nature is vocal with warnings. Pain is a warning of one kind, and ease is a warning of another kind. When work is to be done becomes very easy to us, we may generally conclude that we are not doing it as well as we might. Higher excellence is impossible when we are satisfied to do a thing easily. Only in the challenge of the difficult lies the possibility of progress. Herewith we must turn and become as little children if we would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. They enjoy the difficult.

MRS. READ'S TOUR.

Finish of Her Successful Tour in the Eastern Provinces.

(By wire.)

Finished New Brunswick campaign: good times. Hon. Dr. Stockton presided social meeting. Deepest interest manifested in Rescue Work at Moncton, Fredericton, and Woodstock. Report following.—Mrs. Head.

Harvest Festival is to the front in the Commissioner's attention. More than one hour an intruder in her

FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

Commissioner Dowdle's Funeral and Memorial Service.

The General in Command of these Remarkable Meetings—The First Army Commissioner Dead—197 Souls Find Life.

The Memorial Campaign has provo a memorable one. The vast audiences on both Saturday and Sunday; the impressive and inspiring scenes in the Congress Hall, as one meeting followed another; the songs and music, both by the side of the open grave and in the building; the holy influences which passed over thousands of hearts, and the mighty messages which fell from the General's lips, as well as his own presence amongst us on an occasion so nearly touching the hearts of the multitude, have all rendered these meetings of the deepest interest.

The crowds—and there were great crowds—were very much moved. The General's addresses were a wonderful presentation of Life and Death; all day long the people hung upon his words. Bad men and good alike saw things as they are; saw themselves from the vantage-ground of their death-chambers. Multitudes looked at life from death, and looked at death in the light of what was to come after. He compared the grave with a light on it from the Cross, and the grave set in the blackness of despair. The joys of the Redeemed, the Triumphs of the Faithful, only appeared more glorious with the terrible background which the Truth about Sin and Judgment presented.

It was a Salvationists' day. This unlettered, godless Railway Guard, the mention of whose name brings tears to thousands of eyes, was a genuine example of Salvation Army work and warfare; his life and its results were a sword with which the General made great havoc amongst the King's enemies.

The scene in the concluding Meeting on Sunday night was one over which God Himself must have rejoiced. Sinners coming to the Cross; Backsliders returning home; families reunited at the feet of Jesus; Drunkards and Prostitutes, Pharisees, Church Members, and the little children and old men grown white in the service of sin, kneeling together. Tears, and groans, and songs of faith and triumph, mingled in a holy medley. Hallelujah! 197 souls was the total for Sunday.

"Commissioner Dowdle is dead!" cried the General out of the depths of his own heart-sorrow, and the gathered thousands in the Congress Hall that sultry Saturday afternoon realized that it was so, and a deeper hush brooded over the vast audience.

We had been trying to say it to each other for the past half-hour: the solemn red and yellow draped basket, which occupied the space in front of the platform, quiet in its solitary state, said it; the sad faces of the old commissioners who sat immediately in front grouped together on the lowly pentitent form, said it; the white ribbons fluttering from the Army colors, and the white armlets, said it; the pathetic figure of the little widow, her slender fingers tight-clutched in the cross-and-crown sash, said it; but never did the truth come home to each heart with such vividness as when the General, with hands stretched out towards the coffin in front of him, on which, mute and unstrung, lay the old fiddle "Jimmy" Dowdle had so merrily and truly praised his God with for upwards of forty years, and, with a voice of emotion, proclaimed:

"Commissioner Dowdle is dead!" Dead! Yes he was dead, and many a heart was sore and broken because of it, though never a child had the to call him "father"—this is, after the flesh. Spiritual children he had in almost every corner of the earth, and there are now, according to many lands, and among various nationalities, because James Dowdle, Commissioner by the grace of God, is not.

The Chief of the Staff's opening prayer would have delighted Commissioner Dowdle. Its triumphant ring, its echo of the resurrection cry, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" chanted well with the sturdy spiritual nature James Dowdle possessed.

Commissioner Coombs' solo, which preceded the General's address, was a song of deliverance, and a great favorite of Commissioner Dowdle's, whose years of Christlike toll ever testified—

"There is pleasure in His service
More than all, more than all."

The General's words were listened to intently, and everyone felt that he sorrowed, not alone for the loss of an old and tested officer, but for a friend.

dress you with emotions such as make it very difficult for me to express the feelings of my heart. This, I say, is an unusual service. If a stranger were to ask, "What does it mean? Why all these people gathered together at this unusual hour, with these solemn countenances, and yet so earnest in their aspect?" we would tell him that a long-tired and well-loved Commissioner had been taken from his place in our ranks and had been promoted to the triumphant Salvation Army in the sky.

Commissioner Dowdle is dead! We find it difficult, to this hour, to believe it; we find it difficult to believe that we shall see his loving countenance never again here below. But this confirms the convincing evidence of the fact. The Commissioner has gone, his noble form lies prostrate, the light has gone out of his loving eyes.

His Lips are Silent;

we shall hear him sing the songs of Zion no more until we join him in singing them triumphantly before the throne. We shall hear him no more, with the shamer to submit himself to his offended Father, or the backslider to return to his home. We shall not again hear his voice encouraging us to be diligent and earnest in the fight. His wife is alone, but we know enough of her spirit to believe that she will continue earnestly in the fight until she joins him in the Better Land. Our sympathies are with her, our prayers are for her. But we are all mourners to-day, for Commissioner Dowdle sleeps the sleep of death. He is gone, and someone ought to speak a word for him. If any man who has passed out of our ranks and from our earthly sight to that Heavenly mansion ought to have a word said over his remains, I think it is the Commissioner, whom we are about to lay in the grave to-day. And I think if anyone has a surprise right to speak about him it is myself. Next to his beloved wife, I count myself to have been

Most Beloved of All,

and, therefore, I feel that I ought to say something to you before we take him to the cemetery, and lay him 'n the dust to await the Trump which shall call him from the grave.

I knew him well. He was not difficult to know; he was a transparent, straightforward, open-hearted man, who carried his heart on his sleeve, so to speak. You had only to look into his face, and to hear his words, and you felt as though you were looking into his breast, and hearing the throbings of his heart. I knew him, and he knew me. I trusted him. I never had a shadow of question about his loyalty; no fear ever crossed my mind about his ever deserting his color and leaving his General to carry on the battle alone. I very much question whether such a thought was ever for a moment entertained as a possibility by him! I loved him, and he loved me!

I shall never forget our first meeting. Thirty-three long years of trial and difficulty and change have passed over my head since then, but that meeting is green in my memory. It was in Whitechapel, that birthplace of many good, blessed, and precious people, and many good and blessed things in this movement. It was one Sunday evening, I was out in the usual open-air, for, although I had to lead a meeting of some three thousand people afterwards, I stuck to my post in the open-air and led the procession I had put down Commissioner Dowdle to speak. He spoke, he spoke straight to the heart. I liked the ring of it; I said,

"That man has hold of the right object, and he is seeking it in the right way."

He heard me speak afterwards, and he saw some fifty or sixty people kneel at the penitent form. His open-air effort won my confidence, and my inner effort, and what followed it, won his confidence in me. It was a ease on me.

Lovely at First Sight.

Our hearts came together, and they came together to know no separation. We are only separated now in form. We are still one in spirit, and shall be one in spirit at last.

Fifty-nine years, or thereabouts, he lived in this world; for more than thirty of them he was an officer of the Salvation Army, and I do not believe there is anyone who ever knew him, from that time, who has reason to question the reality of his profession. He lived his religion right out, in the barracks he was the same. In his quarters he was the same. In his billets he was the same. In Great Britain, on the Continent, in America, or yonder in Australia, or wherever he might be, before all sorts, classes, and conditions of men, Commissioner Dowdle held up his head, and wore his uniform, and avowed himself to be a Salvationist, a follower of Jesus Christ, and said good people would go to heaven, and bad people would go to hell.

For a long, long time he lived, as it were on the verge of the grave. Many and many a time he seemed to climb up some sort of a ladder, and get very near to the gates of heaven, and then come back again to us, and filled us with hope he was going to be allowed a longer stay. But at last the gates have opened, and have let him in. Is there a man or woman here, who knew him, who has a doubt that he is safely landed amongst the blessed?

Then followed a fervent appeal to sinners, especially backsliders, to make their peace with God and meet the Commissioner in Heaven. Had there been time for a prayer meeting, we feel sure that scores would have yielded.

THE FUNERAL MARCH.

The funeral procession was the most imposing that has been seen in North London since that never-to-be-forgotten event in October, 1890. A long column of red and blue it was formed in four sections, and numbered 2,400 officers and soldiers. Every phase of the salvationists represented, for was not the deceased warrior an all-round Salvationist?

The following was the order of the formation :

Advance Guard—Twelve Male Officers.

Bands—Congress Hall and Cadets.

(Continued on page 13.)

COMMISSIONER JAMES J. DOWDLE.

Born, 1840. Promoted to Glory, July 21, 1900. For 33 Years an Officer in the Salvation Army.

North-West Wanderings.

CALGARY.—It is said that this beautiful town, of some 5,000 inhabitants, is surrounded by the finest ranching country there is. The land is also adapted for any kind of farming. This year the outlook is grand. Calgary is built mostly with a view to permanency, rather than style, yet, be it known, Calgary stone is used in some of the finest structures of the West. The first thought that will strike a stranger's eye on going through the streets of Calgary is the great number of saddled ponies (bromoches). At every turn one will see men, women, and children racing through the streets on a bucking bromocho, as they are familiarly called.

The Salvation Army, along with several other denominations, is an established thing. Ensign Taylor and Capt. Charlton have been in charge about three months, and have got a good hold of the place. The place the meetings are held in is not adapted to soul-saving work. It is a long, narrow, dingy place, and with the exception of a few seats from the front, the speaker cannot see distinctly the faces of those in the audience. Adj't. Cass, accompanied by Adj't. D. P. McRae, of Newfoundland fame, spent Saturday and Sunday, July 21st and 22nd, in this town. On Saturday night we had two splendid open-airs. A large crowd of men stood round the ring all through the meeting, giving good attention to all that was said. Convicting influences were felt, the drama was put down, and people were invited to the Cross, and God, the Holy Ghost, spoke as the comrades sang, "And yet He will thy sins forgive."

Adj't. Cass pleaded with them to decide the question as time was short and death was nearer, perhaps, than what we expected. A fine junture a bromocho, tied to a post, just across the street, got nervous at something and started to give a bromocho exhibition of bucking and kicking. A young woman who had been riding him rushed from the store at which she was shopping, to stop him; but he was not to be quieted. He threw her down forcibly on the ground, and to onlookers seemed to be determined on making an end of her. Adj't. McRae and a number of others rushed to the rescue and got her out of the way. She declared she was not hurt, which was a marvel to everybody. She, indeed, had a narrow escape.

The Sunday's meetings were good, though we were very badly disappointed in having no souls in the meetings.

I might say we had a beautiful time with the Juniors, and three children volunteered out for salvation. More about the J. S. meetings in the Young Soldier.

I am writing this on the cars on my way to Edmonton. This is indeed a beautiful country from Calgary north; both sides of the track the scenery is delightful, and everything has a very healthy appearance.

EDMONTON.—Spent two busy days in this place, and had two splendid open-airs and two good indoor meetings. The corps is about to lose their hall in this place, and it seems to be an impossibility to get another. However, we hope to find a way out of the difficulty. Lieut. Lenwick is very bad with nervous prostration, and goes on furlough. Capt. Wick holds on alone, but she has some good soldiers to help her.

The crops around this section are magnificent this year. One or two farmers told me they expected they would have from 80 to 100 bushels of grain to the acre. The people of this part have high hopes for the future, and there is a lively appearance.

MEDICINE HAT.—My last report was written on the train on the way to this beautiful little railroad center. The Salvation Army, under the administration of Capt. Brander and Lieut. Edith Gamble, is doing a good work. I spent two nights here. We had good meetings, but were somewhat in-



CATTLE BANCING IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

terfered with by a man who seemed to be full of the devil, or had not much sense. The boys around the open-air were very anxious to get some rotten eggs to quiet the disturbance, as he was not a drunkard. May he see his folly soon, and how he is leading his children astray. One dear boy gave his heart to God, and is doing well. The proprietor of the Assiniboin Hotel was very kind, he having billeted us during our stay in the city.

LETHBRIDGE.—We arrived here Saturday morning at 7:15 a.m. This is where the noted Galt Coal Mines are situated. Many of our soldiers were 300 feet under the ground here. A good number met us at the station. The very air breathed a sweet, sultry atmosphere here. I tell you we were going to have a good time in this place. And the following will show we were not disappointed.

Calgary brass band, with Captain Charlton, arrived at 7:45 p.m. The open-air was fine. The testimonies had the right ring, and there was no waiting. The band played good, and the crowd gave \$10.30 in the collection. Inside, it was good to be there. The place was full.

(The Sunday's meetings and Monday's opening of barracks are fully reported on another page.)

MOOSE JAW.—After 12 hours' riding during the night, we arrived at Moose Jaw. The C. P. R. have one of the finest stations at this place, but I have seen along the line, The Salvation Army, under Capt. Snakes and

JAMESTOWN DISTRICT.

Seven Days' Remarkable Meetings.

Hallelujah! Home once more, after seven days of the most blessed meetings that I ever attended. Tired? Yes, but happy. Bless God for such times. The glory came in showers, I was going to say, but it was cloud-bursts, or glory-bursts, as you like.

Who were there?

First and foremost was Adj'tant Thomas, D. O., with Lieutenant Custer. Then Ensign Perry, the T. F. S.; Capt. and Mrs. Wilkins; Capt. Smith and Capt. Anderson, Blismarck; Capt. Myles, Devil's Lake; Captain Isown, from Onoka. The Captain rode 76 miles on a bicycle. (I am sorry for him and his Lieutenant, Forsberg. Your humble servant only came half that distance, and was very glad to get to the end of the journey, after getting pitched off half-a-dozen times. Riding a wheel over a prairie trail, with the ruts sometimes 12 inches deep, is pretty tough for a beginner.) Last, but not least, we had with us the Sgt.-Major from Mandan, who is the senior officer there at present. He looked as if he was not yet tired of the fight, although he is all alone, with one exception.

Busy? Well, ♀ should say so. We held 24 meetings in six days, starting from start to finish. The Oddfellows Hall was very soon packed with an eager crowd, nor were they disappointed, with a program that lasted over two hours. Some were loud in expressing their regret at the troupe leaving so soon. The troupe are loud in their expression of gratitude to the kind people who billeted them, and to the kindness extended to them by all hands. Capt. Jackson and Lieutenant Meekle are in charge, and have things well in hand.

The troupe boarded the train at 3:30 p.m. for Sackville, after being up all night, some of the comrades staying there to see us off, giving us a kind invitation to come again.

The troupe arrived at Sackville at 11:20, being met by Capt. Forsey, the officer in charge, but we are sorry to say, we were one member short. Major Pickering had to leave the troupe at Moncton to proceed to St. John on urgent business. We had a good time in Sackville; good crowd; collection \$14.60.

The troupe arrived in Amherst in the forenoon. After dinner we started to wake up the town. Did it not rain? It poured. And the funny men in the rig, did they get wet? Of course they did, but the water did not get through the brains. Capt. and Mrs. Forsey came down to help in the night meeting. In the open-air didn't the people laugh to see Capt. F. and the early-headed madman dance? But Amherst is all right we had a good meeting.

TURO.—Arrived at 2 o'clock. Met at the station by Captain Ryan and Lieut. S. Lebant. Presently there is a rush. What's the matter? It's the Halifax train just came in, and in it Mrs. McElroy, come to look after the early-headed member of the troupe, and quite right, Mrs. McElroy, he wants looking after.

Night came, and with it the meeting. House crowded, and people delighted in good finances.

The trip for the week was in every way satisfactory, although there were some crows on the fence who croaked. There has been only one cloud to mar the trip, and that is the illness of Mrs. Major Pickering. I am sure our comrades will pray for Mrs. Pickering and the Major.

Salvation Hand-Bell
Ringers on Tour.

(Continued.)

The Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers left Newcastle on Friday, en route for Campbellton, N. B., to spend the weekend there. We arrived in Campbellton at 8:30, tired out, and were met at the depot by some of the comrades with a team for the whole party to convey us to our billets.

Saturday morning found us as fresh as dabbles, ready to face the devil and fight to a finish. We very soon let the good people know that we had struck the town, as, with a parade of Campbellton and a rig, the early-headed ranteer, the musical cyclone, and the quiet man, with announcements, brass instruments and drum, we made the town ring.

At night we had a fine time in the open-air. The street was blocked, and inside we had a good time.

Sunday came along, and with it rain. We thought at first that we were in for a wet day; but the weather, before the holiness meeting, was perfect. The holiness meeting was grand. We marched before to let the people know that we were alive. The meeting was one of power. Everyone felt the force of the Major's address, which was very searching. Result, two seekers.

In the afternoon and at night we had the meetings in the Oddfellows' Hall, kindly given up for us for the purpose by the Railway Men's Association. At night the Major spoke with great power and freedom, and his address was listened to by everyone with deep attention. Result, eight souls, making ten for the day.

On Monday night the meeting of the visiting, to wit, the Hand-Bell Ringers' Festival, which was a storm of music from start to finish. The Oddfellows' Hall was very soon packed with an eager crowd, nor were they disappointed, with a program that lasted over two hours. Some were loud in expressing their regret at the troupe leaving so soon. The troupe are loud in their expression of gratitude to the kind people who billeted them, and to the kindness extended to them by all hands. Capt. Jackson and Lieutenant Meekle are in charge, and have things well in hand.

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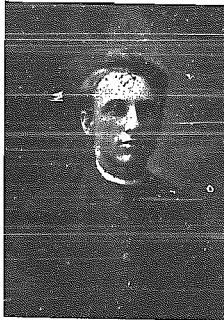
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HOW THEY REAP WHEAT IN THE NORTH-WEST.



CAPT. HARMAN,
Blenheim, Ont.



CAPT. OWEN,
Just farewell from Coaticook.

Barracks too Small.

CHANNEL, Nfld.—We are having splendid meetings here. Our barracks are too small for our Sunday night meetings. On Sunday night we had a blessed time. Much of God's power was felt, and many were brought to tears, and one dear brother who had been a backslider for over two years, claimed pardon through the Blood of the Lamb. We are in for victory. M. Noel, Lieut.

Major Turner Visits Orangeville.

ORANGEVILLE.—Major Turner was with us on Wednesday evening, and an ice cream and cake social was held. The Major having been stationed as Captain here eleven years ago, old friends were glad to meet him. There was a good crowd present and much good done. On a recent Sunday two came out for the blessing of a new church. A Methodist friend came and assisted in the opening.—Yours in His N. R. "Trickey," Capt.

Klondike Visitors.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have welcomed Capt. Scott, who has just taken charge of Victoria. The first Sunday we had one soul, a backslider, Ensign Ellery and Capt. LaCocq, a backslider, Ensign Ellery and Capt. LaCocq, from Dawson, were with us for a few days. They looked well, and were a great help in the meetings. Their stay in the Klondike seems to have agreed with them. They looked better than when they went in. We are on the lookout for our other officer, as Capt. Scott is alone, and is kept extremely busy.—M. L.

A Bright Outlook.

PILLEY'S ISLAND, Nfld.—We have nothing particularly striking to report, but we're glad to say that things in general are bright, and our faith in God is unshaken. The War Crys are sold without any difficulty, which, of course, is encouraging to Sergt.-Major Blackmore. Bro. Simon Ward has become a splendid speaker, beginning with a few and increasing every week until he has reached twenty. I have just paid a visit to Booth Harbor, ten miles up Hull's Bay, and held two profitable meetings. The people are exceptionally kind and greatly appreciate the Army. A few weeks ago I buried Sister Lock's two-year-old child. The little one had been a sufferer since its birth, and we looked upon it as a happy release to be called higher to join the angel band. The Junior work is doing well. Their annual picnic takes place soon.—Jhn James, Capt.

Booming the Cry.

GLACE BAY—Capt. Lendley is proving himself a worthy successor to Capt. Thompson as a War Cry boomer. With the assistance of the P. S. M. and his staff, he is enabled to sell out every week. The Sunday evening open-air meetings prove a great attraction, and the meetings among the workmen in the "Stock." If something wonderful does not happen in S. A. circles before long—one of those things which only happens once in the life of a man, or two men—then indications don't count for anything. But straws show the way the wind blows, and everything seems favorable to a —. The S. A. is striding ahead in G. B. Ensign Parsons' motto: "Better wear out than rust out," is all right.—Yours in the fight, Sergt.-Major.

Great Things Ahead.

MOORHEAD, Ia.—Since coming to Moorhead, July 15th, we have not sent in many reports, but we are still alive and fighting on. The war against sin has been fierce, but victory is ours. Three souls have come to God for pardon, two of these being backsliders. God is in our midst, and we are believing for great things. The people of Moorhead are very kind. Ensign Perry, who has just left us, was in love with the place and people. He said his last meeting was times of great blessing, and we believe the people have been stirred up to greater activities than ever before. We have no trouble in selling our full number of War Crys.—Yours for victory, R. Russell, Capt.

An American at Yarmouth

Arriving in Yarmouth on the 17th last, I was accosted by two comrades, who were attracted by my uniform, with a "God bless you." Receiving directions as to how to find the barracks, I started off, and in a few minutes I was feeling at home, having received a very cordial welcome from the officers.

In the afternoon we took a short tour over the city, and the writer was very much impressed by the neatness of the lawns and the remarkable beauty of the hedge which surrounded nearly every dwelling.

After a good open-air we proceeded to the barracks, where we were joined by Ensign Larder, who is in charge of the local corps, assisted by Lieut. Long. We enjoyed a good inside meeting; God's presence was felt, though we saw no visible results, yet the seed was sown that shall bring forth fruit to God's glory.

Bear River was the next corps visited. Here Captain Hutt and Lieut. Chandler are stationed. Good meetings all day Sunday; large audiences in both afternoon and evening meetings. Here I was informed it was hard fighting. Oh, comrades, don't give in. "God's grace is sufficient."

Arriving in Annapolis, Monday afternoon, I found Capt. Lemon holding the fort in this place. I was not privileged to attend any meetings here.

Tuesday, the 24th last, finds me in Yarmouth again. I had arrived in time for the evening meeting. We had a fine meeting, "Hallelujah Bill," a Danish convert, being present, singing in the English language and in his native tongue also. Sergeant Burrows a Blood-and-Fire warrior, gave a glowing testimony as to the cleansing power of the Blood. Father and Mother Burrows gave good testimonies as to God's power to save and to keep. Bert Horton, a young convert, was noticed on the platform with his countenance aglow with the love of Jesus. —H. A. Sanford.

Exhibition Notes

BRANDON, Man.—Last week, being exhibition time, we had two days' special meetings. The officers of the District were here, and we had good crowds in both the open-air and indoor meetings. The collections were good: many under conviction, and one soul yielded. God has been blessing us all, and we are looking forward to greater victories.—Cadet Lawford, for Ensign Hayes.

Fight to Conquer.

SOURIS, Man.—We are still fighting the devil and all his hosts, but we fight to conquer. The seed has been sown, we now wait the harvest. There is plenty of hard work to be done, yet God will reward our labors. Hallelujah!—Bert Forbes.

Received New Sight.

MOOSE JAW.—We have said goodbye to Capt. Broster and Lieut. Dunster. God bless them. We shall miss them. They have been a great blessing here. We have welcomed Capt. Stokes and Lieut. Gross to lead us on to victory. Already God has used them. Your humble correspondent has received new eyesight. My eyes for five years have been very dim; in fact, of late they were getting so bad that persons advised me to get glasses or soon I would be blind. Captain Stokes told me the Lord could heal me. So about two weeks ago I took the Lord as my healer, and blessed Him. He did the work. The dimness is gone, I can see perfectly. All glory to Jesus! Another sister had spent an enormous sum of money to try to get her eyes cured, and was wearing glasses at the time. The glasses are off, and she sees as she never did before. Blessed be God! A mighty victory is at hand.—Yours for God, Tom Scott.

Enthusiastic Musical.

SACKVILLE, N. B.—Glory be to God! We can say not dead, neither sleeping. The long-looked-for come at last, and well we knew it, for I tell you Tuesday night, July 31st, was the most enthusiastic musical festival held at the Army hall for quite a number of years; in fact, some batches remarked it was the best ever held. We had a real, old-time open-air, and then we gathered for a big go at the

hall. Everybody there was delighted, and everything went with a swing. The people were much pleased with the Major's little girls in their hoop drill. They did marvelously. The crowd was greatly taken with the man with the early head. Good for Mac! The collection was full and amounted to \$14.62, which was fair, considering the crowd. At the close of the meeting no one yielded and gave up sin, but conviction was stamped upon many faces. The troupe's visit was a great blessing to us, and it was good to be with old friends again.—Captain and Mrs. Forsey.

Taking Fresh Courage.

BARRE, Vt.—When Zacheus was in the crowd he was unable to see much, but after he left the crowd and got up in the tree, he could see all that was going on. He got a surprise that day, one that he never expected. Well, I'm not going to preach about Zacheus, but, you know, we tree-climbers have the advantage of those down below, and by the looks of things in the spiritual line, Barre is commencing to get a move on. Some are beginning to take fresh courage, yet there are others, if they would only take a little of the responsibility of the work of God upon their shoulders, and pitch in with the others, I'm sure would feel better. Come on, comrades, and take up your cross. Sunday was a good day. We had the joy of seeing two at the Cross.—Tree-Climber.

A Splendid Gathering.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—Over two thousand people gathered round our open-air ring last night, the largest crowd Great Falls has ever known, to listen and see what the Captain was going to do next. He was dressed to represent Elijah the Tishbite. The

of the people here, favored us with a solo. We extend a hearty invitation to the trumpeters and their leaders to come back again soon.—Shamrock.

Crowds Increasing.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Captains Fisher and Nesbitt are pushing on the war here. Last Thursday night we had an ice cream social. Everybody enjoyed it immensely and went home happy. We are having good meetings, with crowds increasing.—J. H. T., R. C.

Times of Refreshing.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—We are rejoicing over great victories for our King and Lord. We are now about over with the farewells and welcome meetings, and are in for business. Our new officers are taking hold, and are in for pushing the claims of God upon the people. Our meetings are spiritual and times of refreshment, and we have captured 19 prisoners during the week. To God we give the glory.—A. H. C. S. C.

Marching Orders.

KALISPEL—Lieut. Lauchlan and Protzman said good-bye on Sunday night. We bid also Bro. Terry, from Spokane, with us. God gave us a blessed time. Lieutenant sang and spoke a few words of farewell. Bro. Terry read the lesson. A young man came out for salvation and got blessedly saved. Since last report a woman has been saved.—Cadet-Lieut. Tipett.

A Week of Specials

POINT ST. CHARLES.—I look through the War Cry and seldom anything from our corps. I think it is a pity our correspondent does not report more often, as there are many things of interest to write about. On



THE YEOMANS SISTERS (CAPTAIN AND SERGEANT), OF BRANTFORD, ONT.

The sisters are renowned War Cry Hustlers.

great crowd stood till the very last, and gave well to the collection. The people were faithfully dealt with, and warned of their Sabbath-breaking.—Sheard and Smith.

Full of Hope.

LEAMINGTON—After a furlough of some length, Capt. Branigan has taken up the reins here, assisted by Lieut. Burner. They are full of hope for good times. God's Spirit is being felt in our midst. Leamington stands second to none for open-air work. There are beautiful opportunities for uplifting Christ at the street corner. Last night we were favored with a visit from Major and Mrs. McMullan, accompanied by the Boy Trumpeters, five in number, with Adj't. Coombs, of Chatham. The Major led off in his usual happy style, and the singing and musical talent of the trumpeters were much appreciated by the hundreds who stood around our ring; Little Norman, with the bass drum, proved a great attraction. The program given inside, on brass and stringed instruments was enjoyed very much. The Major's Bible reading was very pointed and of much profit to us all. Several wept as the Major tenderly referred to dear Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, who is now passing through the dark waters of affliction, and whose feet are now near the edge of the river. Adj't. Coombs, who, by the way, has won his way into the hearts

July 19th, we had a successful ice cream social, and a very special meeting. This meeting was conducted by Brigadier Pugmire and his family, who gave their unselfish drills, which were beautiful. In the same meeting Staff-Capt. Taylor farewelled for his new appointment in Spokane. Lieut. Ceek, who has been assisting Capt. Dawson for about one year, was promoted to the rank of Captain, and foretold the following Sunday for Morrisburg. Last Sunday we had the pleasure of welcoming Staff-Captain Burditt, our new Chancellor. Brigadier Pugmire, one who is always welcomed by the Point St. Charles people, conducted the meeting. Last night we had with us Adj't. Robert, the officer in charge of the French work in the city. Mrs. Virtue translated beautifully for the Adj'tant, and Cadet Webber assisted with her singing and guitar. We invite all the visiting officers to come again—from one who had the pleasure of being present at all these special meetings, D. S. E.

Great Camp Meetings

LISGAR ST.—God is helping us at Lisgar St. We have just concluded a special series of Camp Meetings in Dufferin Grove, in connection with this corps, led by Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, assisted by Staff-Capt. Stanley, Crichton, and others. From the very commencement the Spirit of God was felt, and His seal was placed up-

on our efforts. The Colonel was wonderfully helped and inspired of God, his words being a great blessing to us all. Monday, being the Civic Holiday, all the city corps united, and a very profitable day was spent. We wound up at night with about twenty souls at the Mercy Seat, some for salvation, others for sanctification, making a total of fifty-five for the series. May God keep them true. We are in for even greater victories in the future.—Edith Meader, Cadet.

Victory Ahead.

PREScott.—Capt. Gross has farewelled and Capt. Weir, the Hallelujah Scotchman has taken charge. Good crowds on Saturday and all day on Sunday. The enemy is being put to flight, and we are going in for a wonderful soul-moving time. Keep your eye on Prescott.—Matthew Bushell R. C.

MEDICINE HAT.—God abundantly manifested His wonderful power to save at our Saturday night's meeting, August 1st, as five sin-sick and penitent souls knelt at the Mercy Seat to be washed in the life-giving stream, and receive God's gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. It was a magnificent meeting, and Christ was shining through the faces and in the testimonies and prayers of our officers and comrades. Even the sinners were joyful. Able led, under God, by our zealous and untiring officers, Medicine Hat corps is pressing the battle home, and the number who follow the banner of the Blood-and-Pure unto victory is swelling. May God greatly bless our corps and lead it onward and upward until it becomes a great colossus against the power of hell.—P. C. Bouwell.

Musical Tornado.

YORKVILLE—Staff-Captain Stanley will conduct a grand musical tornado and ice-cream social," so read the announcement. And it all turned out to be a grand affair, for our expectations were exceeded in every sense of the word. The music was attractive, the singing effective, the visiting officers joyful, the chairman was the right man in the right place, and the ice-cream and cake all that could be desired. Altogether we had a grand time, and Captain Richmond got blessed.—T. G. Meeks.

Encouraging News.

KINGSTON.—Sunday very good day. Band to the front. Soldiers seem to be encouraged. We are hopeful of greater victories. Soldiers' meetings are the backbone of the corps. No souls were saved during the past week. War Cry are all sold out. We are having a picnic on Civic holiday, a real salvation day. We must have victory. Baudman Lake's little one is very low and not expected to live. There is hope while there is life. Mighty things in God must be sought after. There must be a real revival all round for salvation and holiness.—Chip.

More Interesting News in Next Report.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt.—We are still going on with zeal and courage. Since last writing at least four have knelt at the pentecostal form seeking salvation; we trust that they are saved and happy in the Lord. A traveling man, Bro. Stephen O. Purinton, was here a few days ago, and preached the word with power at several of the meetings. May the Lord bless and use him wherever he goes. Lieut. Ludlow, after toiling faithfully for a few weeks here, has gone to Sherbrooke to push the war there. The prayers of the people here go with her, and we trust that God may bless her in soul and body. Last Thursday we had the pleasure of welcoming our former leader, Capt. Jones. We are looking ahead for victory; in fact, we have the victory all the way along. To God be all the glory! Look out for our next report, as it will contain some very interesting news we expect. Brigadier Pugmire is advertised for St. Johnsbury Wednesday, Aug. 8th, and we can assure him a warm welcome.—W. C. R.

WANTED!—Reliable Christian woman to take care of a little child and do general housework for a small family. Address Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Temple, James St., Toronto.

Fought a Good Fight to the Finish.

(Continued from page 9.)

Training Home Staff and Women Cadets.

South London Officers, Officers and Soldiers outside London Province.

Slum Officers, South London Soldiers.

Bands—Tottenham and Highgate, Training Home Province Officers and Soldiers.

Band—Camberwell, Training Home Province Officers and Soldiers.

Band—Chislehurst Farm, North London Officers, North London Soldiers.

Bands—Woolwich and Farnham Colony, Women's Social Officers and Employees.

City Colony Officers and Employees, Hadleigh Colony Officers and Employees.

Trade and Publishing Department's Officers and Employees.

National Headquarters' Officers and Employees.

International Headquarters' Officers and Employees.

Bands—I. H. Q. and Regent Hall, Carriage with the General, Chief of Staff and Mrs. Booth.

Next followed the coffin on an open hearse, which was draped with the Army colors. The Army flag lay across the casket, and on it the Commissioner's cap and fiddle. This was followed in turn by Mrs. Dowdle's carriage, and thus he was borne through the crowds that packed the streets between those who loved him, and whom he loved best on earth. Other mourning coaches were followed by the mounted troops, who opened by command of the General, with colors.

Rear-guard of male Guards.

The procession was well-marschalled by Commissioner Carlton, whose officers were generously supplemented by a large staff of police officers and constables.

The route was lined with spectators,

hundreds of whom had gathered from all parts of London, and among whom we noted friends from the country, and here and there the sad-looking faces of ex-officers. What effects did the long line of red convey, we wonder, to them?

Everywhere were signs of respect, and the ear occasionally caught expressions from passers-by suggestive of a keen appreciation of the Army's tribute to its dead. Some workmen near the entrance to the cemetery discussed the procession in their own pointed style:

"He was only a railway guard, mate."

"Well, then's the chaps that the Army likes best."

"'Tis fit for a dock!" exclaimed another, doffing his cap as the object of the other's query round the curve.

It was worthy of a duke—or mother, in harmony with the wishes of one who in life and death occupied a place in the front ranks of God's fighting-line.

There were two objects of chief interest, however, to the spectators—the gun-carriage, on which rested the big coffin, and the most venerable figure in the procession, the blessed face of our beloved Commander. As his carriage wheeled over the pathway, with monuments to the memory of the dead on either side, the General, in a muffled, choking, tearful voice, turned to his eldest son (the Chieftain) and said, "Branwell, I have not been here since—"

"God grant that the days may be long before the tramp of one battalion is heard in memory of another such sorrowful event!"

THE GRAVESIDE SERVICE.

Clustering round the deep, open grave were five thousand people. Some on bits of mound, some gripping the trunks of over-hanging trees, some content to stand, so that they might hear behind tombstones, and all solemnized and reverential, the scene was one to touch a heart of stone. Strong men wept at the opening song. The influence had not to be manufactured. One look at the platform, raised a little above the head of the

grave was sufficient to impress the mind with a spirit of sombre solemnity and triumph. The General, bareheaded, gave out the words, "My rest is in heaven."

To his right sat the lonely, solitary chief mourner; to his left, the Chieftain, Mr. Booth, and Commissioners Coombs and Howard. Viewed from the platform, what a tribute the scene presented to the sacred comradeship which the Army has created!

The sun dipped behind the young oak, and a pleasant shade brought the crowd into full view. "It's all so real. What love! How sorrow makes us all one!" a voice behind Commissioner Chudman whispered.

Colonel Lawley.

The General called on Commissioner Nicl to pray, and the Commissioner's petition was one rather of thanksgiving than of sorrow. Then Commissioner Howard read, and the General, reminding us of Commissioner Dowdle's representative life and labors, brought Colonel Lawley to the front, who touched a fountain of feeling by singing: "He breaks the power of wicked sin." Speaking under deep emotion, the Colonel testified:

"Twenty-three years ago, I was walking up one of the crowded streets of Bradford, in Yorkshire, and—"

Colonel Lawley.

Commissioner Dowdle.

Colonel Lawley.

He loved his uniform, and he is buried in it. For myself, I have no anxiety; I can trust my God and the General. I thank my comrades for their love and their sympathy and their prayers. Comrades, let us consecrate ourselves afresh by this open grave. I prayed, before he was put into this coffin, that God would bless all on the Farm Colony, and I have prayed that this would be one of the greatest blessings, spiritually, to our Army that has ever been. I believe it will. You that are buried, come to Jesus. I have always told the people that God could make us equal to all things, and I have proved it hitherto. God bless you."

"When the roll is called in heaven," was lined out by the General, and echoing all over the cemetery—in fact, heard at the very gates—was this sweet refrain:

Then followed the last solemn ritus, the lowering of the body into its final resting-place. The General made this an opportunity for another appeal to the unconverted.

Across the River.

struggle he passed from time into eternity. I conducted his funeral service, to which a large crowd gathered to pay their last respects.

We never can tell when the death-bell will toll. May we all be ready.—Mrs. Adj't. Kendall.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of Doctrine, as far as we are able to do so, free of charge, about personal trouble and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers.

It will be given quite confidentially, and we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all inquiries should state their full name and address, as a matter of course.

Lieut. T.—QUERY: Please tell me the meaning of Matthew xii. 43-45.

AT THE TIME VOLUNTEERS WERE CHOSEN

for, through some cause or other, he was a backslider, but under conviction. While at Regina, on the way to the front, he once more received pardon from God. From that time to the end, in writing to his S. A. comrade, he always spoke of God and His love to him. We rejoice in the hope of one day meeting our beloved comrade again, where war shall be no more, and where peace shall for ever reign.

Remember, backsliders, Jesus now waits to be your loving Saviour. Don't make your just Judge—Sergt-Major Wm. McKay, Edmonton Alberta, N. W. T.

THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL.

Death has visited Odessa corps twice within the last month.

The first to be taken from our midst was Father Howie, a Scotchman, who had been a soldier for several years. His work ended quite abruptly. Saturday he was on the market as well as usual, I enquired then about his son, and he expressed the bright hope he had in Jesus. On arriving at his home he was suddenly attacked with inflammation, and on Sunday evening passed away to be with Jesus.

Two weeks after, Father Voorman, another old soldier, joined his comrade to again sing His praises together, but in a sweeter tongue. For some time he has been illing, but only confined to his bed a very short time. His last hours were peaceful and happy. He would, at times, sing with his weak voice, "The heavenly gates are blowing." Without any

for a time, as they think they have proved religion to be a delusion.

Mrs. A. B. Sarnia.—We will reprint in some future Cry the song you asked for; possibly in our next issue.

Reader and Worker.—The extract from Dr. Cuyler is all right and in harmony with Scripture, as well as Holmes' teaching, properly read.

When Paul speaks of the time when he was not sanctified, he struggled then in a painful state.

Bro. W. S.—You must learn to rightly estimate everything, and not judge two pennies to be worth more than one sovereign. First, and above everything in the service of God, is the necessity of giving the right of way to love, charity, justice, mercy, kindness, and brotherhood in our life.

If any ceremony, or form, or outward expression wherewith we conscientiously consider to be essential, will go along with the exercise of the first-named essentials, then do it; if it is in the road, or hinders you in brotherly cooperation with a brother and fellow-worker, then let the lesser go and by all means cling to the greater. Secure to the kernel of the nut rather than hold on to the shell, which was of use only till you got possession of the nut.

The faith of the world depends on the works of the Christian.

The counterfeit is often better looking than the genuine.

Worn and battered gold is better than newly-polished brass.

The man who really cares to, will always dare to do the right.

HUSTLERS' UPS AND DOWNS.



MADAM C.O.P.—"I'll catch up to that Arab
on a bike, If Nigger is too slow."

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	18
Mrs. Adj't. McGillivray, Brantford	12
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	12
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	12
Capt. Helmuth, Chatham	10
Capt. Heater, Stratford	10
Capt. Branigan, Leamington	10

Arab is a beautiful racer. He keeps a steady lead. No misses, no jumps, and baulky spells! Major McMillan is managing the noble Arab nicely.

—♦—
And Nigger? No flies on him, either.
He is keeping close to the tail of
Arab. He has got a move on alright.

Only four behind, fancy !

East Ontario, although last in On-

— 20 —

tario, still shows a fine total with 75 names. The North-West beats the Pacific by six names this week. Newfoundland is keeping a fine record, much better than for some time back, and the Klondike Contingent keeps the steady number of four.

We are pleased to reproduce on another page the photo of the Yeomans Sisters, the notable hustlers of West Ontario. May they live long, and never grow tired of selling Crys!

The Territorial Championship is taken by Mrs. Adjutant Frazer, with an easy lead of 240. Sergeant Conrad, of Halifax, is second, while Captain Gibson, of London, is third. There is a goodly number of high sellers this week.

Capt. McNamee, Sherbrooke	110
Mrs. Adj't. Kendall, Kingston	110
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans	105
Lient. Pitman, St. Albans	105
Lient. McEwan, St. Albans	105
Ensign Etteaway, Ottawa	100
Sgt. S. M. Veal, Barre	100
Sgt. Rogers, Montreal I	90
P. S. M. Ree, Montreal I	90
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	90
Capt. Randall, Ottawa	75
Adj't. Ogilvie, Cornwall	75
Lient. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Bro. Moore, Montreal I	75
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	70
Capt. Grose, Prescott	70
Lient. Illeks, Newport	70
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	70
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	70
Sister McEwan, Arnprior	70
Capt. Jones, Burlington	65
Capt. Owen, Coaticook	65
Capt. Carter, Belleville	65
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	65
Capt. Ash, Odessa	55
Capt. Slater, Trenton	55
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	55
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	55
Lient. Hoole, Port Hope	55
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	55
Mrs. Hillburn, Montreal II.	55
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	55
Lient. Tilley, Brockville	50
Capt. Crego, Kemptville	50
Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	50
Mrs. Leaworthy, Tweed	45
Adj't. Kendall, Kingston	45
Capt. Mumford, Bloomfield	45
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	45
Lient. Hickman, Pembroke	45
Sergt. Klingston	45
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	45
Lient. Liddell, Campbellford	45
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	45
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	45
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	45
Sergt. Newell, Barre	35
Lient. Lang, Napanee	35
Capt. Staniforth, Napanee	35
Capt. Cook, Montreal II.	35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	35
Mrs. Bundy, Burlington	35
Capt. Green, Perth	35
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	35
Capt. Norman, Quebec	35
Capt. Blass, Quebec	35
Emma McDrew, Kingston	30
Lient. Carter, Morrisburg	25
Capt. Gammie, Sunbury	25
Cpt. Vanee, Ottawa	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Lient. Brookets, Kemptville	25
Mrs. Jeffelin, Pleton	25
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	25
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	25
Willie Williams, Montreal I	25
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Haynes, Barre	20
Sergt. Shepherd, Quebec	20
Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	20
Adj't. Veal, Barre	20

BARRE **WEAR**

MAXIMUM INFLUENCE

HERN PROV.

07 Hustlers.

Fraser, Anna
rad. Halifax I

Cadet White, St. John I.....	32
Mary Stevenson, Calais.....	51
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay.....	50
Lient. Taylor, Amherst.....	50
Capt. Clark, Amherst.....	50
Adjt. Fraser, Halifax I.....	50
Lient. F. Hamm, Carleton.....	50
Capt. J. Clark, Carleton.....	50
Lient. Taylor, Amherst.....	50
Franke Tucker, Somerset.....	50
Annie Tucker, Somerset.....	50
Lient. Glinneman, Hampton.....	46
Lient. G. Redmond, Dartmouth.....	46
Bro. Head, St. John I.....	45
D. Vlach, Southampton.....	45
Charlie Anderson, Somerset.....	45
Capt. Fancey, Pictou.....	43
Ensign Jeantius, Springhill.....	43
Capt. Peckham, North Head.....	40
Sergt. Worth, Charlottetown.....	40
Sergt. W. P. MacLean, Hampton.....	40
Capt. E. L. St. John, St. John.....	40
Ensign C. Sabine, Westville.....	37
Lient. Brown, Pictou.....	36
Lient. Ebsary, Truro.....	36
Lient. Ebsary, Parrsboro.....	35
Capt. Richele, Parrsboro.....	35
Lient. L. Lehan, St. John.....	35
Sergt. Bonn, Summerside.....	35
Mrs. Ensign Kuglik, Calais.....	35
Lient. Tatman, North Head.....	35
Sergt. Ming, Hamilton.....	35
Sergt. Wade, Hamilton.....	35
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Halifax II.....	35
Lient. Netting, Liverpool.....	30
Lient. Chandler, Bear River.....	30
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen.....	30
Sergt. Mrs. P. MacLean, Southampton.....	30
Lient. Smith, Fairview.....	29
Sergt. Selig, Halifax I.....	29
Capt. Kirk, Moncton.....	25
Mary L. L. Halifax.....	25
Sergt. McDowell, Dartmouth.....	25
Sergt. Jones, St. John III.....	25
P. S. M. Kent, Bear River.....	25
Bro. Lettow, Glace Bay.....	25
Sergt. H. G. Glace Bay.....	25
Adjt. Crichton, Moncton.....	25
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Calais.....	22
A. Pool, Windsor.....	22
Cund. N. Morrison, North Sydney.....	20
Sister Martell, Glace Bay.....	20
Mr. Gill, Charlottetown.....	20
See. Ellis, Charlottetown.....	20
Sergt. Sharpshin, Windsor.....	20
Minde Barons, Halifax I.....	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

48 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg.....	167
Ensign Taylor, Calgary.....	100
Lient. Cusiter, Jamestown.....	100
Father Harver, Valley City.....	100
Lient. Gamble, Medicine Hat.....	71
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks.....	63
Capt. Hurst, Souris.....	59
Cadet Deardon, Winnipeg.....	59
Capt. Penrice, Brandon.....	54
Lient. Custer, Regina.....	53
Capt. Stoddard, Moose Jaw.....	48
Capt. Bangor, Fort William.....	48
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks.....	48
Capt. Elliott, Dauphin.....	45
Lient. McRae, Fort William.....	45
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert.....	45
Lient. Russell, Moorhead.....	42
Cadet Lawford, Brandon.....	42
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PACIFIC PROVINCE.

42 Hustlers.

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To the Ladies

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE OUR NEW STOCK OF

BONNET RIBBONEXTRA WIDE, AT 50 CENTS PER YARD,
AND LIKEWISE A SUPPLY OF**BLUE CASHMERE**

AT 50 CENTS PER YARD.

We regret to have delayed several orders
for these goods, but we were disappointed in
their arrival from the factory. Orders will now
receive our prompt attention.**The Trade Secretary,**
TORONTO, ONTARIO.**KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.**

4 Hustlers.



To Persons, Relatives and Friends:

We wish to inform persons in any part of the globe; hereford and, as far as possible, specifically those who are about to go to the Klondike, that there are no men, women, or children, in the city of Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. They can be found if possible to obtain information.

Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors are requested to call regularly through this column and to notify our Commissaries in the city of their address to obtain information.

First insertion.

RILLETT, FAMILY. Relatives in London, Eng., are enquired for. Henry, Amy, Sarah, Alice, and Helen, all supposed to be in Canada. Friends enquire.

Second insertion.

LARK, WALTER. Age 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion. Last heard of in Ottawa. Something to his advantage is heard of. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

PALMER, JULIUS. Left Montana three years ago for Alaska. Age 28, dark hair. Father very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

KUHUI, OTTO. Age 21. Last heard of in September, 1899, at McHugh's Camp, Greenwood, B. C. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Only a fool forgets his folly.

A Saturday Night Incident.

BY A SOLDIER.

It was in a little Western town on a Saturday night that I walked home from meeting with a heart full of bright hopes for Sunday's meetings. God had come very near in our meeting, and although no one would yield, yet our faith ran high for souls on Sunday.

After I had gone in a shop I looked out and saw a poor old backsider standing in front of the window with misery stamped on his countenance. I proceeded to have a talk with him, when up stepped a gentleman, a perfect stranger, who mistook me for one of our officers. He talked for a while on different matters, then came round to speaking about the Army. For a while he spoke as a friend, and asked me what I thought of the Army. The reader can imagine my answer, "I am a soldier, won from a life of sin through the Army." "Yes," he said, rather sneeringly, "how long have you belonged to the Army?" Five or six months, I suppose—meaning that I would soon be back and change my ideas about it.

He was a surprised man when I told him that I had been a soldier for that many years and more. He then enquired how long the Army had been in our town, and if I knew of any soldiers who started when the Army did, and were soldiers today. Thank God for a few faithful ones who are still standing. I was able by them to uphold our cause. He said he did not know of any in his town, and brought in the backsiders as his cause for having no use for religion, neither in the Army or any of the churches.

Ah! how many souls are going daily downward to destruction on account of those who have turned their back upon Jesus. Oh, reader, were you ever saved? Did you ever take your stand for Christ? Did you ever leave the service? We want you to do it? Can you tell the number of precious souls that are blighted by your backsliding? There are souls in hell to-day on account of the unfaithfulness of some professing Christians.

Backsliders, Awake from Your Dreaming!

Come back to God, start once more for heaven. He is willing Who is able to save.

The stranger went on to say that five or six souls after several years' work, was very small returns. I told him that in God's estimation, one soul was worth more than ten thousand worlds, whereupon he had no more to say, but hurriedly quit the conversation and excused himself.

He saw that five or six souls were of very great value, far more than he had ever thought of. It is hardly necessary to say that the backsider also excused himself very quickly, for he could see the ruin he was working along with others.

Oh, my comrades, let us do all we can for the reclamation of the backsiders, for in bringing them to the fold we are removing one of the greatest hindrances there are to God's work.

I do thank God for salvation, for the dear old Army, and for the many privileges it affords its soldiers for working for God. Many times I have been blessed by the wearing of uniform. In this way I am often led into conversation with people about their souls and the way of salvation. Comrades, wear your uniform, be bold for Christ in His noble cause. Seek the backsiders, for there are many. The devil will always flee when attacked by the sword of the Spirit.

A Fearful Threat.

A minister and his wife, who were not in favor of the S. A., were one day scolding their little son on account for some wrong-doing on his part. The little fellow, wishing to have it ended, said, "If you don't leave off I'll—I'll—" and then remembering that that would torment his parents most, said, "I'll go and join the Salvation Army!"



Selected by Adjutant Mark Ayre, Billings, Mont.

Adjt. Ayre is one of our veteran officers, well known in Ontario and the far West. He has been an officer for over ten years, and came out of Bowmanville. His appointments as Captain were Sutton, Port Hope, Orillia, Parry Sound, Bala (a cedeville), and St. Catharines. Upon taking charge of the newly-formed District, with Headquarters at Simeon, in April, '93, he was promoted Ensign. He returned as D. O. again to St. Catharines, fol-

lowing which he commanded Uxbridge, Bracebridge, and Lindsay Districts. Early in '95 he was appointed to the Temple, and in August of the same year he was promoted to the rank of Adjutant. At that time the Adjutant was much troubled with Asthma, which made a change of climate very desirable. He was consequently sent to Dakota where he opened Mandan successfully. From there he went still farther West, taking his subsequent appointments in the Prairie Province where he has commanded at Helena, Butte, Nelson, (Scotland), Vancouver, Victoria, Spokane, and New Westminster. He opened the work at Billings in January, 1899, and has recently returned for a second term to that enterprising Montana town.

Holiness Song.

Tune.—Shall we gather at the river? (B.J. 21).

1 Yes, there flows a wondrous river
That can make the foulest clean;
To the soul it is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round we flow the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river.
That can make a sot of a sinner,
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest needs supplied:
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,
Perfect healing waiting there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of the river,
In your stains why still delay?
Why not now be free for ever,
And the voice of God obey?

Love's Rolling Sea.

Tune.—My Maryland.

2 The sea of God's eternal love
Is rolling in, is rolling in;
The current's deep, and strong, and wide.

"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,
Upon its waves new hope it brings
Of constant victory over sin;
This blessed work it now begins,
"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

Chorus.

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,
The sea of love is rolling in;
Lord, I believe! Lord, I receive—
The Spirit's love is rolling in.

It takes away the pride of life,
"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,
It puts an end to many strife,
"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,
It makes us to each other true,
Beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue;
Come, it will do the same for you,
"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

With love for souls my life possess,
"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,
With holy zeal, oh, fill my breast!
"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,
And through me let Thy treasures pour,
What weary hearts that now are sore
May feel Thy touch of love once more,
"Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

When my feet shall reach the open door,
Jesus is my light and song!
When life's pilgrimage at last is o'er,
Jesus is my light and song!
Tide my song in countless years shall be,
Love for Him Who sets the prisoner free,
Love for Him Who purchased life for me.
Jesus is my light and song!

To the Judgment You Must Go!

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tunes.—To the uttermost He saves; or, There is sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 174).

5 Will you just give attention
And listen now to me?
This all-important question
Demands much thought of thee.
Oh, sinner, hear the warning
That God has often given,
To you soon death is coming,
"Twil then be hell or heaven?

Chorus.

To the Judgment you must go!
To the Judgment you must go!
For that day prepare it will soon be here!

To the Judgment you must go!

To die without a Saviour,

Oh, what a solemn day!

To die without His favor,

"Twil be too late to pray,

To die, sin not forgiven—

The record of the past!

Will you from God be driven

And from His presence cast?

To worlds beyond you're passing,
Earth joys will not last long,
Your death-bed will be tolling,
And you to Judgment gone.

What there will be the sentence?

"Depart!" or His "Well done?"

Oh, may it be the welcome

"Into My Kingdom come!"

Oh, Turn Ye.

Tune.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 80, S.M. 1, 100).

3 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for
why? will ye do? When God, in great mercy, is
drawing so nigh? New Jesus inviteth you, the Spirit says
"Come!" And angels are waiting to welcome
you home.

How vain the delusion that while you
delay
Your hearts may grow better by stay-
ing away!

Come wretched, come starving, come
just as you be,
While streaks of salvation are flow-
ing so free.

In riches in pleasure, what can you
obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish
your pain.

To bear up your spirit when sum-
moned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of
the sky?

Why will ye be starving and feeding
on air?

There's mercy in Jesus, enough and
to spare;

If still you are doubting, make trial
and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless
and free.

Why will ye be starving and feeding
on air?

There's mercy in Jesus, enough and
to spare;

If still you are doubting, make trial
and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless
and free.

Jesus is my light and song!
All the way is marked by love Divine.

Round my path the rays of glory
shine,
Christ Himself Companion is of mine.

Jesus is my light and song!

Chorus.

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,
Jesus is my light and song!

Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him day
and night,

Jesus is my light and song!
What though foes at every hand I
meet?

Jesus is my light and song!
What though snares are ready at my
feet?

Jesus is my light and song!
Christ Himself was first to lend the
way,

He was first to battle in the fray,

Now on Him my every hope I stay,

Jesus is my light and song!

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

From Thy home and Father
Thou hast strayed, backslider,
Turned thy back on Jesus,

And thy Saviour slain.
Though thy sins are crimson,
All may be forgiven,

Start again for heaven,
Welcome home again!

Chorus.

Welcome home again!
Welcome home again!

By thy loving Father,
Welcome home again! (Repeat.)

Over the past lamenting,

Now thy heart relenting,

Of thy ways repenting,

Welcome home again!

Now thy steps retracing,

This grand chance embracing,

Faith all darkness chasing,

Welcome home again!

All to Jesus bringing,

Joy-bells now are ringing,

Glad hearts now are singing,

Welcome home again!

Never to cease praying,

No more Christ-brawling,

Love all action swaying,

Welcome home again!

Chorus.

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,

Jesus is my light and song!

Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him day

and night,

Jesus is my light and song!

Christ Himself was first to lend the

way,

He was first to battle in the fray,

Now on Him my every hope I stay,

Jesus is my light and song!

Chorus.

Stick to the Army, lads,

When those who never saved a

soul.

Would tell us what to do,

And try to prove that black is white—

The false way is the true;

While they are turning Bible-leaves

To prove, they scarce know what,

I softly whisper to myself,

"Beware of tommyrot!"

Chorus.

Stick to the Army, lads, and never run

away,

Stick to the Army, lasses, we shall

say the day;

For Jesus is our Leader, He is our

Hope and Stay,

Remember how He loved us when we

were far away.

Jesus is my light and song!

Chorus.

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,

Jesus is my light and song!

Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him day

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